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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	629	The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade. By Shanghai ...	648
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Government and Adult Suffrage. By Margaret G. Bondfield ...	648
The Revolt Against Mr. Balfour ...	632	The Opera that We Have. By A. E. Keeton ...	648
The Powers and the Bagdad Railway ...	633	Revenge or Justice? By R. C. Travers ...	649
Wanted, a Parliamentary Inquiry ...	634	The Education of Turkish Girls. By Isabel Fry and Noel Buxton, M.P. ...	649
The Private Member ...	635		
The Spirit of America ...	637	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Progressive Politics. By Darrell Figgis ...	649
The Alien at Home ...	638	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	650
The Triumph of Hogarth ...	640	REVIEWS:—	
The Soul of Wit ...	641	The Judgments of Goldwin Smith ...	651
In a Pine Wood ...	642	Dr. Wallaceon Creative Power ...	652
SHORT STUDIES:—		A Hundred Years of Anglicanism ...	653
Atherley. By Ethel Colburn Mayne ...	643	"This Puddle of a World" ...	654
LETTER FROM ABROAD:—		A Novelist of Nerves ...	656
The Epilogue of the Anti-Modernist Campaign. By Gallican ...	644	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Fair Quaker ...	658
English Anxieties about Home Rule. By Stephen Gwynn, M.P. and C. Diamond ...	645	The Lighter Side of my Official Life ...	658
Mr. Sargent and Mr. Fry. By Roger Fry ...	646	Essays and Studies ...	658
Public School Religion. By Public Schoolmaster, Old Salopian, and Another Old Etonian ...	646	The Literary Year Book ...	658
Compulsory Service. By Roderic K. Clark, Carl Heath, and Rowland Hunt, M.P. ...	647	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	660

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

MR. BALFOUR has departed for the South of France, leaving behind him a new conundrum for his party to answer in his absence. He has addressed a letter to a correspondent who conveyed to him Canada's anxiety as to the Tory attitude to Preference. The anxiety is, perhaps, a little nearer home, but Mr. Balfour seeks to allay it by saying that he regards Imperial Preference as a "necessity," that he was bound to discuss the constitutional question at length because it was new and unfamiliar, but that the fiscal controversy "retained its old place in the Unionist programme." To make sure of this point, Mr. Balfour appends a series of long quotations from his election speeches. The "Times" comments that Mr. Balfour's letter "disposes of any doubts about the attitude of the Unionist Party and of its leader towards Tariff Reform." We advise the "Times" to keep this sentence "standing." It has been used in every Unionist newspaper of every speech that Mr. Balfour has made on the fiscal question during the last seven years. It will be equally in vogue during the next seven.

In fact, the letter has rather widened than closed the growing Conservative schism. The "Times" and the "Telegraph" have clearly received instructions that the Referendum has come to stay, and have therefore pinned both Mr. Balfour and his new flag to the Tory mast. Knowledge of this fact has clearly penetrated to the Protectionist ranks, and is regarded by them

with much seriousness. The "Morning Post," like the "National Review," agrees that the point of honor binds Mr. Balfour to the Referendum, and concludes unflinchingly that as this decrees the ruin of Tariff Reform, Mr. Balfour's leadership is impossible. On the other hand, Free Trade Unionists, like Sir William Forwood, acclaim the Referendum as the salvation of a party which does not seem quite saved yet, and insist, in particular, that the gains in Lancashire and Cheshire were evidently due to it.

LORD HUGH CECIL has addressed a letter to the "Spectator" declaring it to be a "heinous offence to the Constitution" for the King to create Peers in order to pass so "revolutionary" a measure as the Parliament Bill. Nominally Lord Hugh Cecil puts the blame of such an offence on the Ministers and not on the King. But the "Spectator" properly points out that the consequences of refusing the creation of Peers after two General Elections on the Constitutional question could not but be prejudicial to the Monarchy. "We must not," it says, "throw the Monarchy after the House of Lords." It also rightly thinks that the Liberal Party would remain absolutely solid in face of such a situation; and that on the Ministry resigning, an ensuing Conservative Government would be hopelessly beaten at the polls. It, therefore, advises Lord Hugh to abstain from all Unionist agitation which would look like bringing pressure to bear on the Crown. Such agitation would, indeed, be quite futile. The King listens to his Ministers, not to the Opposition. As to the constitutional question, King Edward refused even to discuss it with anybody but his constitutional advisers.

WE are sure that the "Spectator's" advice is sound, but we are in no way impressed with its counsel that the Unionists should "compel" the Government to create "five hundred Peers." This the "Spectator" thinks would be extremely distasteful to the Liberals. The "Spectator" is much mistaken; the Liberals are perfectly happy about the situation. The Lords can pass the Parliament Bill, or they can reject it. If they reject it, they can, indeed, "compel" the Government to turn the House of Lords, *pro tempore*, into a chamber with a Liberal majority. This may have some slight disadvantages, but it has one obvious and immediate advantage. It will enable the Government to pass every measure which goes through the present House of Commons without the two years' delay enforced by the Parliament Bill. That would suit us very well. Does it equally suit the "Spectator"?

THE question, however, is a little obscured by the question-begging calculation of "five hundred Peers." Even the Budget of 1909 was only rejected by a majority of 275; and we greatly doubt whether, on a division so momentous, the Unionists would command a majority of more than 200. We venture to say, therefore, that the creation of 250 to 300 Peers is a very manageable operation. A body of men would be chosen from the great Home and Imperial industries and services who would

rather raise than lower the general standard of ability in the House of Lords. Would that be an operation which this country would witness with hostility or contempt? We think not. So large a House could not, of course, stand for ever. But it would do very well for the intermediate period, during which no effective plan of reform is likely to go through.

* * *

THE agreement which is being negotiated between Germany and Russia has produced a chaotic commentary of assertions and denials in the whole European Press, which it would be unprofitable to analyse in detail. The alleged text published by the "Evening Times" may possibly be the draft of a proposal submitted from one side, but it seems fairly clear that no treaty has yet been concluded. As to certain proposals there is no conflict of evidence. (1) Germany will recognise Russia's exclusive sphere of influence in Northern Persia. (2) She secures for her trade certain privileges within this zone; and (3) the eventual linking-up of the Bagdad Railway with the Russo-Persian system is assured by a branch line *via* Kanikin. The favor of Russia for the Bagdad scheme is hereby assured and may be expressly mentioned. Russia has probably assured herself against the building of any Turkish strategic railway towards the Persian frontier, *e.g.*, from Trebizond. It is even possible that Germany has recognised North-East Anatolia as a Russian sphere of influence. Finally, it is believed in some quarters that Russia has formally undertaken to be no party to any anti-German coalition, possibly in general terms, more probably with a limiting phrase which confines this stipulation to the East.

* * *

THE more official Press of the Triple Entente has observed a severe reticence, and has sought to minimise the importance of the bargain, while insisting that the Dual Alliance and the Triple Entente remain unshaken. The less official French Press betrays its alarm, while the German Press is jubilant. Unfettered opinion tends to see in this agreement the natural sequel to Germany's success in the Bosnian affair, and to M. Isvolsky's dismissal. Dr. Dillon, who usually reflects some section of Russian official opinion, declares that "Russia has definitely withdrawn from the diplomatic and military association known as the Triple Entente." The really vital question is how far the new agreement refers to Turkey, as well as to Persia. For the first time the Bagdad line is spoken of as a German, and not a Turkish, venture, and it is ominous that, despite the renewal of Turkey's strength, it is possible to conceive that spheres of influence are being carved out within it. Of course, assurances are being tendered by Germany to Turkey, but the "Tanin," the Young Turk organ, is not unnaturally angry and alarmed. An entente in modern diplomacy appears to mean the partition of other people's territory.

* * *

M. PICHON delivered the official French commentary on these events in Thursday's debate in the Chamber on the Foreign Office Vote. It was highly optimistic, the Minister declining to accept M. Hubert's suggestion of a weakening in the Anglo-French Entente, and declaring that the "*combinaison*" between the two countries ("*coalition*," which the "Times" uses, is rather too strong a word) "continued to grow more cordial," a statement which no one in this country will dispute. The same line was taken of the Russian Alliance, and the Bosnian trouble and the Russo-German agreement were both treated with lightness. On the former, M. Pichon stated that Russia and France were

agreed that the annexation ought not to be a cause of conflict. As to the latter, it was a "fresh pledge of peace," analogous to the Franco-German agreement on Morocco, and personally he would welcome its extension to other spheres. M. Pichon did not reply to a question of M. Jaurès as to whether the Russo-German agreement included the Bagdad railway. His speech, tactful and very pacific, was well received.

* * *

THE completed Revenue Returns for 1910 show a bumper year for British trade. These rows of "fat figures," as the "Times" enviously calls them, yield the following grand totals and increases on the results of 1909:—

Year's imports	£678,440,173
Increase on 1909	53,735,216
Year's exports	£430,589,811
Increase on 1909	52,409,464
Year's re-exports	£103,776,104
Increase on 1909	12,431,285

The imports cover the following specific increases, the imposing growth in the import of raw materials giving evident promise of a further expansion this year:—

Food, drink, and tobacco ... +	£3,469,033
Raw materials +	41,096,536
Manufactured articles ... +	9,184,519
Miscellaneous -	14,872

* * *

THE special value of the details of the exports is that they reveal the vigor of the staple trades, especially of cotton, hitherto the weak point in the general revival of our industries:—

Food, drink, and tobacco ... +	£2,777,492
Coal +	682,595
Oil seeds, &c. +	1,629,449
Iron and Steel manufactures +	4,810,795
Other metals +	1,651,214
Electrical goods +	1,887,041
Machinery +	1,239,078
New ships +	2,842,217
Cotton fabrics +	12,470,827
Woollens +	6,852,669
Apparel +	2,892,979
Chemicals +	1,788,970
Railway carriages, motors, &c. +	1,289,559
Miscellaneous +	4,019,965

If the Protectionists think that John Bull will take their medicine while he is doing as well as this, or anything like as well, they much mistake his character.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL has written to the "Times" in answer to some intemperate letters from Sir Harry Poland, confirming our statement that he took no directing part in the Sidney Street siege. He did not interfere with the dispositions of the police, nor override them, for they had been made before he heard of the disorder; nor did he call up the Guards and the Artillery. His direct action was limited to approving the police order to the Fire Brigade not to approach the burning house while the shooting continued. These are obviously the facts. The police officers acted within their rights in choosing the form of attack on the marauders—mistakenly, as we think—and in asking for aid from the special type of citizens that we call soldiers. Mr. Churchill has the general Parliamentary responsibility of the Secretary of State, and no more. It is mere partisanship to seek to drag him into a closer connection.

THE unrest in Portugal, of which we wrote last week, has assumed a somewhat graver form. But it is still as remote as possible from the alarms of the earlier rumors. Of any Royalist movement there is not a perceptible symptom. Indeed, the only overt disorder has been an attack by a Republican mob upon the offices of Monarchist newspapers. There is no reason to suspect a political motive in the two strikes which are in progress. The railwaymen demanded an eight-hours' day and have struck to secure it. The usual disorganisation followed, though a service of motor-cars has enabled the posts to run. Portugal is still too primitive a country to be affected by a railway strike as seriously as was France. The Government is by no means unsympathetic to the strikers, and proposed a nine-hours' day as a compromise. The companies are considering the financial bearings of this suggestion and an early settlement seems probable. The other strike is among the shop-assistants of Lisbon, who have put forward the modest demand of a twelve-hours' day with one day of rest in seven. Senhor Almeida, the Minister of the Interior, resigned on the outbreak of this strike, but has been induced by his colleagues and a deputation of the strikers to resume office. The facts, so far as they are known here, are far from suggesting that these embarrassing yet eminently reasonable labor movements indicate any hostility to the Republic or to the Cabinet, which appears, on the contrary, to enjoy the confidence of the masses.

WE have before us a very remarkable document, signed by a number of notable men, beginning with Sir Thomas Barlow, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and including Sir William Church, Sir Lauder Brunton, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir Henry Roscoe, and many other men of European renown in science. This document is headed, "The Prestige of Great Britain and International Goodwill," and it records the fact that this spring the German Government invited the Governments of the chief States of the world to take part in an International Exhibition of Hygiene at Dresden. It adds that "all the chief States of the world accepted this invitation with the single exception of Great Britain," and proceeds to say that the Government having refused to reconsider its decision, the representation of "the leader of the world in hygiene" must be left in private hands.

THIS shameful fact having now been given to the world, it behoves us to obliterate it with all possible speed. A sum of £10,000 is wanted to provide a British pavilion at the Dresden Exhibition. It ought to be forthcoming by January 15th. An appeal is therefore made by these and other gentlemen to raise this sum by private contributions. If any well-to-do reader of THE NATION happens to peruse these lines, we hope he will at once send his contribution to the British Executive Committee, whose address is 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

THIS grave matter will, of course, be the subject of question and debate in Parliament. But we have one remark to make upon it. The signatories of the circular state that the reasons for the Government's refusal to participate "were mainly of an official and departmental character, and, of course, no feeling of hostility to Germany entered into the question." All we can say is that, if this be the case, a more indefensible decision could not have been taken. All the world

will assume that if any country except Germany had been in question, an instant and cordial response would have been made to the invitation. All the world will assume that the refusal to participate has to do with the fixed anti-Germanism of the Foreign Office. We cannot conceive any formal or "departmental" consideration which could for a moment outweigh the general desirability of assisting such an event. National hygiene, as the circular says, "concerns all mankind." There is some reason to believe that, in one or two respects, we have not retained our old lead in it, and it is, therefore, important that the Government, and especially a Liberal and progressive Government such as this, should give its assent to the show at Dresden. If mere red-tape avails to keep us away, we have cause to suspect almost every operation of officials who can be so stupid.

MR. EVELYN CECIL has brought up M. Naville, the Egyptologist, to confound Professor Roget's statement that the Swiss Referendum could not be applied to this country. M. Naville does, indeed, argue in favor of such an application, but in fact he shows the contrary. Thus he points out (1) that the Swiss Budget is never submitted to the Referendum, and (2) that in Switzerland nothing exists remotely corresponding to the relationship between the Commons and the Lords. In Switzerland the two Chambers seldom disagree absolutely. They generally contrive to compromise, and they do this the more easily since in both Houses the majority is Radical. How does this touch the situation here with one House now Tory, now Liberal, while the other is always Conservative, rarely compromising on Liberal Bills and nearly always throwing them out? Further differences are that in finance both Swiss Chambers have equal rights, and that in Switzerland a Bill which may be in fact only opposed by one man in the Chambers can be submitted to the people and thrown out by them. Clearly, the two political problems are totally distinct.

THE controversy over the admission of Madame Curie to the French Academy of Sciences is happily not yet closed. The Institute, which comprises the five Academies, has indeed pronounced, by ninety votes to fifty-two, against the admission of any woman however distinguished, on the ground that there is an "immutable tradition" which it is "eminently wise to respect." In this instance, however, Madame Curie has too flagrantly broken down the tradition which forbids a woman to achieve "immortal" fame. Her fellow-scientists know precisely what was her part in the discovery of radium. As the late M. Curie always stated it was she, and not he, who made the discovery. He was her collaborator in the work of proof and verification. The decision of the Institute is a recommendation which does not absolutely fetter the freedom of individual Academies. The Academy of Sciences has again nominated Madame Curie, and there appears to be some hope that she will be elected. The emancipation of women advances by curiously uneven steps. French women practise at the bar, and they are likely soon to be admitted to the municipal franchise, which confers an indirect vote for the Senate. This exhibition of a pre-historical prejudice by the Academies would seem unintelligible to English minds, had we not among ourselves the chastening spectacle of Oxford and Cambridge.

Politics and Affairs.

THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. BALFOUR.

WE cannot blame the stalwarts of the Conservative Party for deciding—if they really have decided—to have it out with Mr. Balfour. He has played with them for seven years, and, judging by his letter to the unnamed correspondent who has revealed an unsuspected anxiety in Canada concerning his and his followers' ideas on Preference, he means to play with them for seven years more. And the sport has become serious. So long as the evasion of a full and direct endorsement of Protection seemed to mean that Mr. Balfour desired to retain a handful of Free Trade voters in Lancashire and elsewhere, who, as mere units in the mass of Protectionist voters, could be thrown over on the eve of a Protectionist Budget, there was no great occasion for alarm. But now, in the middle of an election, the leader has suddenly thrown a formidable obstacle on to the track. The proposal of a Referendum on a Tariff Reform Budget is obviously a murderous device, and the line of the Protectionist Press towards the man who invented it shows their belief that murder was in Mr. Balfour's mind.

For what does this proceeding in fact imply? Be Protection good or be it bad, it is quite certain that the first attempt to embody it afresh in our fiscal system must produce a powerful reaction. It is doubtful whether even the protected interests would be satisfied. It is certain that the non-protected interests would be furious, for Protection being simply a method of favoring some national industries at the expense of others, the injury to those excluded trades would be material and evident. Moreover, as the non-protected industries must greatly exceed in number the protected ones, the voice of discontent would easily drown the note of gratification. No one would be sure of benefits; nearly all would fear losses. The volume of perturbation would rise with each week of Parliamentary debate. What statesman, who really loved Protection, could wish to see the babe "done for" before its earthly course had well begun? Again, the Protectionists might not have been unwilling to see what would come of this great electioneering "dodge." In our view, it must have been fatal to them in any case, for it would have been too flagrant to use for Protectionist purposes the issue of a fight from which Mr. Balfour definitely excluded Protection. But now a double misfortune has occurred. The Opposition is beaten; and yet the results in Lancashire seem to suggest that if Protection were dropped, victory might, on some far distant battlefield, visit the Tory banners. So the anti-Protectionist section redoubles its efforts; rallies ostentatiously to Mr. Balfour; and claims the Referendum as the one "open sesame" to power. Under these distressing circumstances only one tactic is possible to the Protectionists. The Referendum must be treated as a scheme "for this election only." Such a use may be dishonoring to Mr. Balfour—*tant pis pour lui*—but it is indispensable to Tariff Reform. To the Tory leader's credit, it is clear that he refuses these terms, and the "Telegraph" and the "Times," in the same

breath in which they assure Mr. Balfour that they will never desert him, hasten to add that the policy is as unalterable as the man. The Referendum is a "deliberate and far-sighted" device, a flag which once run up can never be hauled down. To this the "Post," joining the "World" and the "National Review," makes the categorical retort that while Mr. Balfour can "personally" never "extricate himself from his pledge," it has put his party in a hopeless position, making it equally impossible for them "either to win a General Election with this millstone hanging to them, or to repudiate a policy to which their titular leader is irrevocably committed." In other words, Mr. Balfour has ruined his party. Nothing that Mr. Balfour can now do can avert this ruin. The party, therefore, must choose whether it will sink with its leader or shake him off and swim without him.

The immediate question is how this complete dilemma in policy and leadership will work itself out. To Mr. Balfour, who could dodge any dilemma but death, it appears to present no difficulties. He displays (for the benefit of the conscientious objector in Canada) some assorted varieties of his precepts on Tariff Reform, and declines to consider the charge against him, which is that he has now relieved himself of the necessity of ever putting them into practice. But this will not do. We think Protection a bad creed. But creeds, bad or good, have their apostles and martyrs, and on the basis of the old Protection has been reared the new glittering edifice of Imperialist policy and sentiment which has attracted most of the ardent spirits in present-day Toryism. The intellectual force, the electioneering skill and spirit, the touch with democracy, reside in this wing of the party. It has, indeed, no leader of account in the Commons, and it has never quite controlled the Tory machine. But now it is formally dispossessed, and its vision eclipsed; it expects to be damned in the first Balfourian Budget, and damned over again in the constituencies; and apparently it feels about Mr. Balfour as the Disraelites felt about Peel, that, whatever his gifts and past services, he is no leader for them. We shall see how far they can materialise their discontent. They have first to deal with that true Balfourian, Captain Weigall, the candidate in the Horncastle Division. At present Captain Weigall adheres equally to Tariff Reform and to the Referendum which destroys Tariff Reform. He is for postponing the "first constructive reform" to the constitutional question, but would always keep it first, so that by running very hard he does not merely, like the creatures in "Wonderland," contrive to stand still, but continually loses ground. It is an effort of common honesty to rescue the party from the humiliation of such tactics; but if the Protectionists fail to shake Captain Weigall either out of Horncastle or into their fold, we suspect that they will fail still more conspicuously with the general body of the Parliamentary party. There a voice of moral helplessness and intellectual confusion is also a voice of potent charm; and if the young Tory Party, having done with Mr. Balfour, decides to buy honesty at all costs, it must be prepared to pay the price.

THE POWERS AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

THE plain man, we suspect, has read in his daily paper the too ample news about the pending Russo-German negotiations with a mixture of impatience and indifference. So far as the news is certain it is not, at a first glance, interesting, and so far as it is interesting it is mere speculation. Germany has recognised Northern Persia as an exclusive Russian sphere of influence, a fact which robs the unlucky Persians of their last wild hope that she might, for her own ends, have decided to make trouble in the Middle East, on the Moroccan model. She has secured certain concessions for her own trading interests which, at the best, are trivial. Finally, and this is the only point of importance, she has induced Russia to take a friendly interest in the Bagdad Railway by consenting to its eventual linking-up with the Russo-Persian system, which will one day be built. There is nothing in this simple business transaction which would seem to warrant the excited questionings of the French Press, the triumphant self-congratulations of the German papers, and the nervous commentaries and denials at cross-purposes which have chased each other in successive issues of the "Novoe Vremya." We in Europe know the habits of German diplomacy, and it was only the distracted Persians who ever supposed that it would break a lance for the independence of their country. It has followed the consecrated practice of all Great Powers in levying a modest toll upon the illicit acquisitions of its neighbors. The gain which Germany has won as the price of averting her eyes from the partition of Persia is intangible, but not inconsiderable. It is presumably this, that Russia has henceforth a motive which will lead her to desire the completion of the Bagdad line. When next the Powers of the Triple Entente consider whether, and on what terms, they will allow their financiers to assist in building this highly political railway, the voice of Russia must speak in its councils for a relatively prompt and easy accommodation. For a Power engaged in what it calls a "realistic" world-policy, this is an appreciable success. It would be folly to track the devious speculations by which the newspapers of all nations seek to explore this transaction. We have no difficulty in believing that the two great European groups subsist intact. But, unquestionably, this approach of Russia to Germany does imply some slackening of the tension in one quarter at least. It is even possible that Russia has pledged herself not to share in any combination against Germany. It means that the two groups are, to some extent, what M. Deschanel hoped they would not be—"interpenetrable." The Chauvinists who wish to see in the Triple Entente a league which may be used to further active rivalry, if not aggression, have suffered a check.

This diplomatic episode is a perfect illustration of the game which is being played around that mysterious abstraction, "the balance of power." The use of that dignified historic term is apt to mislead us in our interpretations of contemporary happenings. It stirs in us ancestral memories of Marlborough and Wellington. It suggests the days when the map of Europe was a thing with which diplomatists played like a child's toy puzzle. We are apt to conceive of the vast

armaments which all the Powers accumulate, as weapons designed primarily to defend their own territory or to seize the provinces of their weaker neighbors. We delude ourselves into supposing that the equilibrium, which is preserved at so vast a cost, is the *status quo* of Europe.

The real fact is something much less vital, and rather more subtle. The days of territorial aggrandisement are ended in Europe. Its map is fixed. Its frontiers are determined. The struggle that is in progress is for expansion in other Continents at the expense of dying Empires. It is no longer a restless feudal caste or a rapidly expanding population which supplies the motive for conquest. It is the quest of capital for new fields to exploit that makes for the unrest. The game is played in Europe, but the stake invariably lies elsewhere—in Morocco, in Persia, in Turkey, or in China. To be weak in Europe is to be impotent beyond it. To be strong in Europe is to clear the road to some "place in the sun." When our Jingoes talk of maintaining the balance of power in Europe against Germany, they mean that they are winning for themselves and their friends the right to have or to hold in Morocco, in Egypt, or in Persia. When the Germans talk of breaking the "pen" that holds them in, they mean primarily that they have improved their chances of dominating Turkey, and are completing the peaceful penetration that is to follow the iron road to Bagdad. In the whole process European hearths and homes were never in danger. What was at stake was the right to settle down in some rich mining area, in a land destined to be one of the world's great roads, or along a river whose waters contain the potentiality of great harvests of cotton and wheat. It gives us all a sense of engaging in some reasonable and domestic duty when we talk of preserving the European balance. We are busied in reality over Moroccan iron-ore, Persian railways, and the problematic crops of Mesopotamia.

The latest phases of the conflict date from the rough intervention of Germany in the Bosnian controversy. We had talked at large and forced an unreal issue very near the limits of actual warfare. The plain utterance of a German threat at St. Petersburg reduced the dispute to reality. We have no means of assisting a Continental ally in a Continental quarrel. Russia had perforce to yield, and from that day onward the Triple Entente has paid for its diminished prestige. German influence is once more paramount in Turkey. Russia, having dismissed M. Isvolsky, as France dismissed M. Delcassé, is exhibiting that neighborly discretion which is the better part of valor. The arrangement over Persia is one symptom of the new situation. It means that the balance has slightly shifted to Germany's advantage, in so far as it has brought her a little nearer to her goal at Bagdad. As a military combination, the Triple Entente is no match for the Triple Alliance. It is formidable only at sea and in the money market.

If this summary diagnosis of a conflict that is only in appearance European be at all accurate, the key to a permanent understanding lies at Bagdad, and this Russo-German arrangement has already forced the first ward of the lock. There are three ways in which our Foreign Office can hamper German progress. It can, in concert

with France, pursue the policy which Mr. Balfour reluctantly adopted, of discouraging the participation of British and French capital in this great enterprise. Secondly, it can veto the increase of Turkish customs to furnish the kilometric guarantee for the construction of the line. Lastly, by maintaining its hold upon Koweit, the natural terminus of the line, and by insisting that the last section of the road from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf shall be under our own control, it can convert what ought to be an economic, into a very dangerous political, question. It is here that the real crux of the dispute lies concealed. The Turks have watched with growing alarm the obstinacy of our interest in Mesopotamia. The recognition of what is in effect a British monopoly of the river navigation caused the fall of Hilmi Pasha. Our claims on Koweit caused trouble even under Abdul Hamid. Sir William Willcocks is planning the irrigation of Mesopotamia on a scale which may make it a richer Egypt. With the scheme of irrigation he combines a more speculative project for a rival trunk railway over the deserts to the Syrian coast. If these schemes were even partially realised, Mesopotamia must become a sphere of economic interest as indisputably British as Northern Persia is Russian. Where capital goes on such a scale, political influence inevitably follows. If Turkey is destined to live and grow strong, there is here a source of jealousy and discord. If German influence dominates her destinies, here again is an unending dispute. If Turkey fails in the long run to consolidate her position, we should find that we had acquired in Mesopotamia an Imperial commitment more anxious and more difficult to defend than Egypt. It is a grave matter that our Indian frontier is now, for practical purposes, a vague line across the Persian deserts, which a Russian railway will presently traverse. To add to our responsibilities the control of a railway in Mesopotamia, with a vast irrigated area, watered by English gold as well as the floods of the Euphrates, is a venture that must end by transforming all our problems of defence.

The solution of the question of Bagdad is not to be sought on these lines. Any arrangement which partakes, however remotely, of the nature of a partition into British and German spheres of influence is a menace to Turkish independence, and a burden laid on our own shoulders. The only solution that is tolerable is to internationalise the line over its whole extent. To keep an open door to British trade in Mesopotamia is emphatically our interest and our right. That end can be achieved by any arrangement which secures to us a share in the management of the line. It is a sound policy to resist a German monopoly. It is a suicidal policy to insist on a British monopoly. To prevent the settlement of any other Power, be it Russia or Germany, on the coasts of the Persian Gulf may be a necessary consequence of our position in India. But to achieve this end, we are not compelled to establish our own predominance around it. A free Persia and a prosperous and progressive Turkey are the best safeguards which we could desire. The conversion of the Bagdad line into an international enterprise, and its extension, on the same terms, to the Persian Gulf, would remove the rivalry

which is the source of half the unrest in Europe from the political plane, and canalise into economic channels the ambitions and energies of German enterprise. An arrangement on these lines is possible. It would make us the partner of Germany where we are to-day a sullen and obstructive rival. It would ease the anxieties of the Turks, which are driving them headlong into the excesses of militarism. Above all, it would produce in Europe itself a sense of confidence which would ere long translate itself into a bargain for the reduction of armaments.

WANTED, A PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY.

THE period usually devoted to the settling of the Estimates for the War Services is one of very special anxiety to the Liberal Party. There ought not, indeed, to be any ground for apprehension. The general European outlook is good, and we have the assurance both of the British and the German Governments that the relations of the two countries have improved. As for the expenditure on defence, it is lavish not merely beyond all the experience of previous years, but in comparison with that of every other member of the community of great nations. We speak of Germany as a naval rival. Her expenditure is about half ours; its rate of increase during the McKenna period just one-third of our own. Every other country is our friend; all the special dangers which gave rise to the panic expenditure of the year following the Boer War have disappeared; new international difficulties pass, or are disposed of by special arrangements between the Powers concerned, with the assistance of their neighbors; the country is not isolated, as in 1899 to 1902, but, in spite of its invincible and colossal navy, is protected by a number of "insuring" engagements. Even the contingent perils which, to meet a mere Parliamentary emergency, Mr. McKenna dragged into the limelight in 1909, have disappeared. The German programme of "Dreadnoughts" is not being rushed forward. On the contrary, it is being developed with conspicuous slowness. There cannot be thirteen or seventeen or twenty-one German ships of this class in the spring of next year. The calculations of the "Navy League Annual" only allow for nine. The Germans have shown neither the desire nor the capacity to turn out "Dreadnoughts" as fast as we turn them out. British ships of the "Dreadnought" and following types completely outclass the corresponding German vessels. A shoal of smaller offensive and defensive craft have been extemporised, though the naval authorities insist that victory at sea now rests on a conflict of great battle-ships alone. As for the desperate invocation of imaginary forces, such as a combined fleet of Austrian and Italian "Dreadnoughts," they merely haunt the imagination of the First Lord of the Admiralty. There are no such "Dreadnoughts." Probably there never will be. Certainly, they will blow each other up long before they are set to deal with the British fleet. Even the formal estimate of comparative strength on which the Admiralty falls back when asked to state a policy has been far exceeded. There is no two-Power standard

to-day. There is something like a three or a four-Power standard, and the daring proposition that two Englishmen may, by the special mercy of Providence, be found equal to one German need no longer disturb the nation's repose. All is well except—and it is rather an important exception—with the finances of this country, with the fund by which wars are fought, and the intellectual and physical forces of the people are sustained. This, indeed, by the mere attrition of an armed peace, is subject to an unaccustomed strain. Under it, it is no longer possible to speak of a "peace footing" for our armed forces, save in language which would convey no meaning to the statesmen, Liberal and Conservative, who maintained, in Lord John Russell's words, that it was "by moderate establishments, by rendering such establishments good and efficient, by attending to everything which cannot easily be originated or replaced; it is by such a system, and by relying on the greatness of the country and on the spirit of our people that you will be most formidable in war, and not by any new-fangled system of increased estimates during a time of peace." Lord John spoke in the Palmerstonian period of a highly adventurous foreign policy. We hope we have no such policy now. Nevertheless we spend on the Navy £4 for every £1 that the Admiralty spent then.

What, therefore, is the new and highly disturbing factor which decrees that, with every new year, a Liberal Government, basing itself on the time-honored formulae of peace, retrenchment, and internal reform, feels itself bound to lead the world in an exciting race of armaments, and to lead it, not by a neck, but by a handicap so tremendous that we virtually have the field to ourselves? What is the proposition behind these always growing Estimates? Is it—supposing that Germany is an enemy at all—that the Admiralty cannot guarantee the safety of these islands unless they spend more than two sovereigns for every one sovereign that the German Admiralty spend? Is this the assumption which Mr. McKenna, after due inquiry, has allowed his naval colleagues to make? Or has he simply taken their estimates without examination, as, indeed, he commended them to the House of Commons without apology? In either case, he seems to us to have misconceived his duty. There is no precedent for a naval expenditure almost 100 per cent. greater than that of the nearest European naval power. It is an enormous expansion of the old working principle of Victorian days that the British Navy should stand as three to two in comparison with the French fleet. Was that a safe calculation? If it was, on what new factor is the change of theory based? On the unprecedented skill, bravery, and experience of the German sailor, which makes us tremble on a three-to-one anti-German basis, while we slept calmly on a three-to-two anti-French basis? The calculation seems to us unflattering to the victors of Jena no less than to those of Waterloo.

But in truth we have stepped into a region so strewn with fallacies and exaggerations that it is time for the national mind to institute a fresh stock-taking of its ideas of defence. We cannot again have Parliament terrorised as it was terrorised in 1909. Nor can we have

it fobbed off with a set of mere Admirals' Estimates as it was fobbed off in 1910. The new House of Commons is free, and in a calm atmosphere. There is no danger of a fresh scare. Naval scares are like other epidemic diseases; they become milder with each visitation. The Opposition has put itself completely out of court, and the Government can now turn to their friends and satisfy them with estimates that yield some hope that their social programme has come to stay. But we hope they will go further. The present theory and practice of expenditure on the war services need strict investigation. The old working hypothesis was—moderate peace expenditure, with an ample reserve for emergencies. The new method is an enormous "peace" force of all grades and descriptions—big ships, moderate-sized ships, small ships, torpedo destroyers, submarines, and now, we suppose, air-ships—all built together in great numbers. One type is supposed to supersede another; yet the older types are not dispensed with. One type is said to be all-powerful, yet vast supplementary forces are called for. A great competitive ship-building policy on Germany's part (all shipbuilding outside the Triple Alliance is ignored) is assumed. If it ever existed, it has ceased, but the estimates go on expanding. Clearly the nation wants knowledge. The Admirals, under Mr. McKenna's rule, claim the power to force the hands of Parliament; they, in turn, must come into the light and explain to a Parliamentary Committee the necessity of a naval expenditure of nearly forty-one millions which yet fails to yield a sense of safety against a German expenditure of twenty-one millions. What is wrong? What form of waste is it that produces such relatively insignificant results? Here the Government can, we think, fairly summon the energies and good sense of Parliament to deal with a problem which has plainly over-tasked their own strength, and, indeed, is beyond the unaided strength of any modern Executive. Parliament is the ultimate guardian of the national purse; here is an unprecedented invasion of it, which cannot be stopped, and is continually re-enforced. We hope, therefore, first, for a reduction of the War Estimates, and, secondly, for a formal Parliamentary examination of them. The whole system of contracting for these modern Armadas is novel. Its rewards, processes, results are unknown, even though some of them may be shrewdly guessed. It is high time for the nation to learn something more about them.

THE PRIVATE MEMBER.

THERE are certain commonplaces about politics and politicians which have been heard ever since government by discussion began. The politician lives for the day. He appeals to large and eternal principles when he is really thinking about small matters that affect the next division. He shouts when other men would talk quietly and calmly. His patriotism is most ebullient when he is thinking most of party. His protestations of sincerity are deepest when he is most engaged with self. His independence is flourished at the moment when he is about to be driven into the Lobby as one of a herd. His

unalterable fidelity to ancient convictions is put in evidence when he is defending some vagary brand-new from the mint of his leader. He lives in an artificial world of catch-phrases and make-belief, and the belief that he has to make is that all the section is filled with the same enthusiasms as possess his own circle. He is divorced from life, and fills the unreal part of his soul with unreal things. There is a certain measure of truth in the indictment, but there is little that is new in it, and we do not know why Mr. Belloc, discoursing with more than his usual gravity and less than his usual wit on such topics in the "Fortnightly Review," should entitle his disquisition, "The Change in Politics." The world never took the politician quite so seriously as he takes himself, and in this there is no fundamental change. There is, of course, a general tendency in human nature to construct an ideal past when, among other things, all politicians were Pitts or Cannings or Gladstones, and to yield to this tendency is, for many minds, the first step in sentimental Conservatism. But we doubt if there is anything substantial in Mr. Belloc's complaints which might not have been said with variations of minor circumstances at any period in the Parliamentary life of England.

The one change which has been in process now for some years, and which we would gladly see arrested, is one which we take it that Mr. Belloc has in mind, but to which he does not apply any very searching diagnosis. This is the relative depression of the private member and the growing dominance of the Cabinet. How has this change come about? Not through the decay of independent thought, for the period which has witnessed the change has also seen the practical break-up of the old party divisions and the rise of something like the group system. The new House of Commons is composed of four, if not five, distinct parties, and this greater richness and diversity of grouping makes one outlet for independence of mind which the simple bipartite division did not yield, and is one reason for the relative rarity of the prominent unofficial critics of party. The more advanced social thinkers are apt either to join the Labor Party or to act with them on the occasions of their divergence from the policy of the Liberal Government. To that extent their individuality is merged, and they stand less conspicuously before the mind of Parliament and the public. But the principal change is undoubtedly the pressure of public life, the extended view of the functions of government, the complexity of the interests with which Parliament has to deal. These have forced the House of Commons to adapt itself more and more to the style and methods of a meeting of business men. There is in every session a vast mass of work to be got through by the Government of the day, and there is accordingly less time and less tolerance for the ventilation of independent views, less readiness to be diverted from the immediate business in hand. The power of the initiative, too, becomes greater in proportion as men realise that they have indeed the power to say "No," but that if they say it they risk the resignation of Ministers and the dissolution of Parliament, and that all effective initiative lies with the Cabinet.

Thus the changed situation which the last twenty

years has produced has its good as well as its bad side. It means, to our thinking, that politics are not more remote from realities, as Mr. Belloc would seem to think, but, on the whole, closer to them; that the electorate is more and more strict in requiring that the majority should have something to show for its term of power; that some practical result should emerge from election promises. The weak side is the absence of effective discussion, more particularly on those foreign affairs which are not directly and obviously connected with the emotions of the hour, and in which the seeds of future mischief could often be eradicated by criticism. For our part, we know of only one remedy—the lightening of Parliamentary business by devolution both within and without the House of Commons. Much would be gained by the principle of Home Rule, which would remove from the House of Commons the consideration of masses of detail that are really inappropriate to an Imperial Assembly. Much time might be saved and much expert knowledge concentrated and brought to bear by the development of the Committee system. A Standing Committee on Foreign Relations, for example, such as has on other occasions been advocated here, would be the proper court of first instance for intelligent and sustained criticism of such important departures as our Persian policy. It is here that the independent expert would make his mark. It is here that he would find, if he had real knowledge, sympathetic response from men accustomed to think out the true issues of his subject, and it is through such men that he could bring influence to bear upon the Ministry and the House.

We have not mentioned the Payment of Members in this connection, because we do not think that it will materially affect this particular issue whether for good or for evil. We are certainly not among those who fear that it will carry further the process of undermining personal independence. On the contrary, it will, so far as it goes, help the poorer members to be independent of the party machine as long as the life of Parliament continues, and, what is even more important, independent of those indirect pecuniary considerations which may make a more insidious attack on political principles. There is no more reason why a publicly paid member should forfeit independence and self-respect than a publicly paid Minister. The worst that can be said is that a member who depends on his salary has an added reason for fearing dissolution, and for anxiety to secure re-election. But if the salary be fixed at a point which does no more than balance the necessary expenses of Parliamentary life, and allows for the sacrifice of professional or business concerns which it entails—or, let us say, at a point nearer £300 a year than £500—these considerations will be of no great weight. Upon the whole, we think that payment will make for independence, but it will not, of itself, solve the problem of reconciling perfect freedom and fulness of discussion with the requirements of public business. * It is this difficulty, and not any decline in the character of politicians or in the seriousness of public discussion—of which there is really no evidence—that is the cause of the trouble, and a first step to reform will be taken when the Bill which will put upon Ireland the responsi-

bility for her own affairs is introduced. Other steps might be more easily taken without legislation, if Ministers would be a little less jealous of their authority, and a little more ready to take members of Parliament and even the public into their confidence.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

MR. BRYCE has many obvious qualifications for his task as interpreter of America—historical erudition, long personal experience in statecraft, close familiarity with democracy in other countries of the old and the new world, keen powers of observation applied with indomitable industry to the moving panorama of American life, with a sagacity of judgment not perturbed by the most startling occurrences or the most novel turn of events. But the quality which, above all others, gives unity and harmony to his exposition, and has won so enthusiastic an acceptance in America itself, is his unreasoned confidence in the ultimate success of the American people. For this is the very spirit of America herself, it is the healing balm for every malady, the saving faith that shines through every cloud and sustains the good American amid the direst troubles of his land. Its cheerful adoption by Mr. Bryce gives that touch of kin necessary for interpretation. To many European visitors this indurated optimism of the good American is an irritation and a stumbling-block. It seems to fly in the face of facts. For to such visitors, approaching the country as assessors of civilisation, it appears radically vicious. In the major aspects of its external structure, such features as necessarily bulk biggest on a first inspection, it bears repellent signs of elaborate improvisation, coarse, massive design with finicking ornateness. The outer being but the expression of the inner, they expect to find, and therefore find, little else than this same distasteful elaborateness in the interior aspects of American life, its society, politics, industry, its education, its religious life. Vast reservoirs of raw energy poured into moulds of complicated shape, without grace, modulation, or reticence! Sensationalism rampant, straining after effects, themselves a straining after culture and refinement, a Chicago which, when the proper time has come, "will just make culture hum"!

Nor is this all. A student of democracy upon its seamy side can put together an appalling case against the claim of America to the rudiments of civilisation. The wholesale dishonesty in the administration of her great cities, a flagrant failure to enforce the criminal law, a tale of undetected homicides, lynchings, loss of life on railroads, the unchecked tyranny of police, of Labor Unions, of Trusts, the land steals, the universal tax-dodging, the plundering of immigrants, the scandals of child labor in factories, the connivance of the Federal Government in the disfranchisement of negroes, make a terrible story of iniquity or incompetence, every word of which is true. What amazes and exasperates the inquiring student most is to hear the well-informed American, who has been reeling off this terrible confession of what seems the failure of democracy, end up by the complacent ejaculation that "it is a great country," and that America will "win out" in the end.

Some of this feeling will linger in the memory of many who read Mr. Bryce's great work on its first appearance sixteen years ago. The candor and exactness of his narrative compelled a fairly full recital of many of these unpleasant facts, and, although he set off against them the main features of prosperity and success in the career and conduct of America, he seemed to have to tip the scale to get a favorable balance. For, in this weighing of character, a good deal of charity, or, shall we say, humanity, is needed in order to secure a desirable result. Most people are loth to admit that, with the crime of Uriah to his record, David was really a "man after God's own heart." In the same way it is difficult to accept the great admitted achievements of America, the vast fund of prosperity and opportunity, hope and happiness, she has placed at the disposal of the floods of human beings poured upon her shores, as a full compensation and condonation for some of those betrayals of justice and liberty.

And yet it is this attitude, at once humane and philosophic, of Mr. Bryce's treatment of the crucial defects and perils of American democracy which probably commends his book most conspicuously to the admiration of American readers. They feel almost instinctively that the measure of his allowances, the very tipping of the scale, is the measure of his understanding of their problem. This consideration is illustrated well in the new reflections contained in this revised edition* upon three test issues of the first importance in their latest history, the new immigration, the color question, and the recent experiments in democratic method—all three present dangers calculated to appal timorous politicians. How is it possible for the huge, amorphous, unsettled organism to digest and assimilate the vast influx of low-grade humanity pouring in, no longer from the most highly civilised countries of Europe, mainly of Teutonic stock, but from Southern Italy and the most backward parts of Austria-Hungary and Russia, with subsidiary streams of Greeks, Armenians, Circassians, and other denizens of the East? At the rate of a million and a quarter a year they are rushing through the portals, flooding all the great industrial cities, and constituting, by their more prolific habits, a rapidly increasing share of the national stock. The old British race, whose arts of government and Puritan religion were the formative influences in the past, is failing to hold its own even in its New England stronghold, and is replaced by what appears to be an unassorted ethnic stew, a veritable *colluvies gentium*. Has America the stomach for the task before her? Many of her stoutest friends quail before the question. But not so Mr. Bryce. He sets forth all the risks involved in a task even heavier and more hazardous than that great conquest of external nature which lay before the generations of the pioneers. But he evidently keeps an equal mind, calmly confident in the assimilative forces of American institutions. The same meliorist spirit is discernible in his latest commentary upon the negro case. Giving no support to any of the

* "The American Commonwealth." (Macmillan.)

patent remedies for colonisation, national reserves, or amalgamation of the races, convinced that the negroes will stay in the South, living side by side but never fusing racially or socially with the whites, he yet sees no ground for the despair which obsesses so many students of this, the darkest and most tragical of American problems. On the contrary, he finds many recent signs of a dying down of racial animosity: the industry and education of the more advanced members of the negro race are winning more respect and more active assistance from the better element among the whites, and even the political position, though far from satisfactory, is less inflamed than heretofore. Here again, the contra case is also set with a vigor and fidelity which, to those of weaker faith in the nation's destiny, is at least equally convincing. Again Mr. Bryce appears to secure the victory for progress by a tipping of the scale.

The same temper pervades the treatment of what, to sober European democrats, appears the wild and hasty reversion to methods of direct popular government, differing not widely from "mob-rule," to which an increasing number of the States are having recourse. States like Oklahoma and Oregon, to name the two most advanced, have met the malady of machine-politics by a virtual deposition of representative government, securing to "the people," by means of the Referendum, Initiative, and Recall, full powers of legislation, and a veto on all important acts of the Executive. While many States are moving along this road towards "primitive democracy," as it has continually survived in the New England "town meeting," city government is moving in a different direction by a swift series of equally bold changes. Here the central purpose is to place supreme control in a small commission of able, honest, non-party men, for a considerable period of years, relying upon the concentrated responsibility thus attained to secure efficient government and put down "graft." To dispassionate observers it might well appear that these two quite contrary movements towards direct democracy on the one hand, close bureaucracy on the other, betokened a levity and recklessness of political temper inconsistent with success. But it is evident that this is not the feeling of Mr. Bryce. He is careful not to commit himself to any formal judgments upon the new experiments. But he evidently realises that it is right and probably serviceable that they should be made, and that American democracy can afford such audacity.

This brings us back once more to what we termed the "unreasoned confidence" that seems to belong to the spirit of America. Though "unreasoned," or instinctive, in its force and utterance, it is, perhaps, not irrational. Indeed, we find certain grounds for this confidence in the right and necessity of bold experiment, in the reserve power of democracy, in its capacity of self-recovery amid the most terrific buffetings of fortune. That quality of buoyancy and flexibility, which is so apparent in the American temperament, has strong roots in political and social life. In more than one chapter of most penetrating analysis Mr. Bryce fastens upon the superior sociability of Americans as an interesting trait. And here, in truth, we have the most real source of

strength in American democracy. It is not a matter of small moment that, whereas most Englishmen's attitude of mind towards strangers thrown into their close neighborhood in train or tram or other public place, is one of indifference or positive dislike, the natural attitude of most Americans is one of human interest and willing intercourse. This freer sociability implies closer friendly relations with an enormously greater number of fellow citizens, greater facilities for common action upon every plane of conduct, and for all purposes. This, in so mobile a society as that of the United States, means that the social bonds of national life are far more numerous and complex, and that the nervous system of society is more highly organised, and more delicately responsive. Though there are, doubtless, dangers of excitability and of rapid and impulsive movement involved in this national temperament, it contains conditions of cohesiveness which are of the highest possible value in the character and conduct of the nation. For there are many implications and products of this social cohesiveness which it is impossible here to appraise, but which are undoubtedly to be taken into account as factors of confidence and faith. A strong, genuine, and more impassioned patriotism than modern Englishmen can understand or practise is one of these implications, as every student of American history during the testing time of the Civil War can verify. It is by attention to such fundamental characteristics of American democracy that readers of Mr. Bryce can acquire some measure of that confidence in the ability of the Republic to overcome the gravest menaces of internal disruption which shines so steadily through the darkest pages of her history.

Life and Letters.

THE ALIEN AT HOME.

If slumber is the object of national existence, and if, as is usually implied, the whole duty of Government is fulfilled when the fathers of families can sleep peacefully in their beds, then our country falls short of her ideal, and the British father has a grievance against his rulers. No peaceful sleep is his. Scare follows scare, and hardly has he dozed off after a terrific vision of a North Sea foaming with German monsters jostling each other in their eagerness to vomit murderous hosts upon these holy shores, when the alarum sounds, and rats, more multitudinous than haunt the drunken brain, come leaping with plague and pestilence up from Suffolk. Rats vanish in the wake of these incalculable Dreadnoughts, but the moment he feels like dropping to sleep again, the tocsin of the election clangs with Socialism or Home Rule, and he wakes with a nightmare of the Scarlet Woman enthroned in Ulster, or the blasphemous unemployed basking in his back garden, and rifling his sideboard. The British father is not especially wicked, but, like the wicked, he has no peace.

And now it is the Alien. For nearly a fortnight past, columns and pages of the Alien terror have been served with breakfast to shed a frightened melancholy over every day. The Alien, the Russian Jew, the Anarchist—what an appalling picture they make in a composite portrait, streaked with yellow! The maddened eye, the devouring mouth, one hand grasping an automatic pistol, the other a bomb, hair streaming like smoke against a background of flame! We remember, in "One of Our Conquerors," how Victor Radnor, in that long and upsetting walk over London Bridge, recalled a malignant sketch of Hengist and Horsa "in modern garb of livery-

man and gaitered squire, flat-headed, paunchy, assiduously servile," blacking Ben-Israel's boots and grooming the princely stud of the Jew, and so passed to the vision of the Jew Dominant in London City, over England, over Europe, America, the world. To Victor Radnor the vision seemed ghastly, but how could he have survived the last fortnight? We have been fed on horror, and made drunk with passion distilled from lies. Figures, deliberately falsified, have been greedily accepted and passed as gospel from one paper to another. We have been shown aliens increasing by the hundred thousand in the East End of London alone. Such a picture of their lives and habits has been given us as no one who had lived in the East End could possibly have imagined. Because the late Home Secretary, in the administration of the Aliens Act, ruled that political refugees should be allowed the benefit of the doubt, we have been instructed to suspect in every foreigner an assassin, a desperado, or (to adapt the present Home Secretary's phrase) "a beast of prey whom there are other ways of killing than by choking him with British blood."

After all this flare and scarlet, how drab the mere truth of daylight seems! We suffer the depressing difference between "penny plain" and "twopence colored." As a matter of plain fact, the aliens in the United Kingdom are very few. At last census they were less than one per cent. of our population—less in proportion than in any other civilised country, except Spain. And their numbers are increasing very slowly; in London, at all events, more slowly now than before. The figures were set out by Mr. E. F. Wise in last Saturday's "Daily News," and we need not trouble about them here. We will merely quote from him that out of the total number of persons convicted in this country during 1909, only 127 per cent. were aliens, and that, whereas in 1903 the total number of paupers in the County of London was close upon eight per cent. of the total population, the percentage of alien paupers to the alien population was only 24. If our nationality cannot hold its own on a basis of ninety-nine to one, and if we must howl with terror at the rumor of aliens whose crime and pauperism stand at such percentages, our race may as well give up the trouble of existence, and take to its peaceful bed for ever.

The alien quarter of the East End is not exactly Paradise; neither are the British quarters. The alien quarter appears to us rather worse, chiefly because it looks foreign, and we do not understand it. That Babel of a market in "the Lane" on Sunday morning is not our idea of what a market ought to be. Those innumerable jackets, trousers, and petticoats, hanging in the wind like cast-off bodies about to be reanimated with new souls, those barrels of gurnies and raw herrings soaking in vinegar or brine, those heaped-up fruits and cakes of astonishing shapes and colors, those wizened women in heavy reddish wigs, the pervading smell, the codd's heads, cabbage leaves, and parts of bleeding fowls littered upon the slimy street—all this is very un-English and disturbing. We are at once in a foreign country that we do not understand, and no one loves a foreign city population of the poorer classes. Aliens have different ideas of comfort and propriety from ours. Why should women wear wigs when they have plenty of hair? Why should men put on their hats just at the very times when we take them off? Why should they kill their meat so queerly, and drink milk when we drink beer, and wear goloshes, and speak an unknown tongue? Why should their provision shops be declared "Kosher," as though ours were unclean, and why should their sanctified barman be called a Shomer, when he is "in attendance"? All these fads and differences, chiefly Jewish, but partly common to all the aliens, show in foreigners an inborn perversity of spirit that is far from ingratiating. To establish his tolerance, the great anti-semitic preacher of Berlin proclaimed that he would willingly forgive the Jews if they ceased to be Jews, and the same tolerant attitude is adopted by most patriots when they behold the alien.

It is thought there are about ninety to a hundred thousand of aliens now in the East End, or something like two per cent. of the population in the County of London. Patient, uncomplaining, rather melancholy people we

must picture most of them to be, chiefly occupied in cheap tailoring, or the making of boots, cabinet-work, and cigars, in factories, workshops, or their private homes. The men earn about a pound to twenty-five shillings a week; the women about twelve shillings on an average, and among the Jews the married women seldom work, unless driven to extremity. A quiet and industrious people, introducing new trades, such as the "mantle" trade, which till lately imported from Germany, and now exports; a people rather conspicuous among Christians or natives for their orderliness, as police inspectors bear witness; and endowed with the qualities of subject races—qualities for good or evil inherited from habits and traditions under tyrannical oppression, and endeavors to evade or to submit. The vast majority are Jews, chiefly from Russian Poland, largely from Austria, and a few from Germany and France. The other kinds of aliens are chiefly from Russia, too, Letts, Lithuanians, Georgians, Little Russians, and Russians proper—it is to the atrocity of the Russian Government that we chiefly owe them and the Jews as well. As to their workaday life, it can be fairly judged from one of the families withdrawn out of the house in Sidney-street during the night before the tragedy of the "battle." It was a Russian Jewish family, better-off than most, for the man made an average of something over £2 a week by tailoring. They rented two rooms at 7s. 6d. a week. The front room held the large bed, into which the two youngest children were also taken; the sewing-machine, that cost £3 10s.; the tailor's block, that cost 21s.; a set of "plush" furniture, chairs, and table; a chest of drawers, looking-glass, clock, pictures, a perambulator, but no carpet. The back room had a couch for the two elder children; and also kitchen chairs, table, and cooking things. The man possessed a watch; his wife two rings and ear-rings; and they had a certain amount of clothing, bedding, and quilts besides. These were the possessions destroyed by the fire, and everyone who has lived in the East End can fix at once the family's social position and the kind of daily life they led. The position would be above the average, but not uncommon. The life would be laborious, careful, devoid of pleasure, and virtuous to satiety.

We cannot enter into the spiritual side of Judaism, as it may still be felt in the days when the Whitechapel synagogue, called "The Eye of Judah," is crowded with worshippers, and, as Heine said, the lost dog of Israel becomes a prince again. In famous passages, Disraeli and Mr. Zangwill have described those strange scenes of transformation. It was the proud knowledge of that spiritual side that impelled an East End Jew the other day to consult a solicitor whether he could not prosecute for libel a man who had called him a Christian. But, from the outside, the ordinary alien is a too-submissive and persistent figure, whose chief danger to the community is that of becoming, as Canon Barnett once said, "a Jacob without the ladder." One would describe such aliens as a peculiar rather than a chosen people, but their very peculiarity tends to keep them at peace. Far from being revolutionary, they are deterred from change by the intense conservatism of their customs, and inclined only too strongly to obedience by their ritual.

A few years ago, the present writer happened to be in Odessa soon after a great massacre of Jews, countenanced, if not instigated, by the Russian Government. In that city rather more than half the population is Jewish, and whole quarters had been sacked and destroyed, the murderers easily selecting the homes of Jewish families by the Hebrew signs and lettering inscribed on the doors and shutters. None the less, in the midst of the ruins, the survivors, while building up their houses again, were repainting the Hebrew signs, as though once more preparing their own destruction. And old men, who had lost family, house, and all, were laying out a few cigarettes or sweets upon the bare pavement for sale, in hopes of starting life afresh on a farthing's profit. Similarly, it is told of Barney Barnato that, when he became a millionaire and found his aunt still keeping a fried-fish shop in Whitechapel, he offered her £2,000 a year to come and live "as a lady" in the West

End, but she stuck to her fried-fish, thanking him all the same. With hardly an exception, the aliens in London are of that temper. The exceptions do not outnumber the future murderers existing among the rest of us, and it is not of such temper that melodrama, with its bombs, pistols, burning houses, and companies of Scots Guards, is made.

THE TRIUMPH OF HOGARTH.

THERE are moments when one is tempted to set down among the rooted characteristics of the English race a timid yet obstinate modesty. It has indeed, as this awkward quality commonly has in individuals, its caprices and its eclipses. We swagger over our achievements in the world of action. We can never resist the elation of victory. But a wistful and pathetic distrust of ourselves has always been our affectation when we surveyed our work in the arts. The comfortable doctrine of the Celtic fringe has in our own generation enabled us to conceal our blushes. It started from the assumption of the sterility of the English imagination, and then a nice research among genealogies rendered our pride in our great men plausible by assuring us that, after all, they are only half-breeds. The cult of the Anglo-Celtic quadron has given us in the end the confidence which we lacked. We have somehow explained the otherwise improbable phenomenon of the appearance of genius in these islands. The thing at last is native and at home; and, by the happy pursuit of this romantic affectation for upwards of a generation, we are at last schooled into recognising even a talent that is purely English. One gathers that at last Hogarth has "arrived." About a century after his death the connoisseurs began to whisper among themselves that he was a great painter. Whistler knew it, and flaunted the knowledge among his less flagrant eccentricities. Eight years have passed since Mr. Austin Dobson wrote a *Life* which assumed this modern discovery. At last, in the fullness of time, he appears simultaneously as a Master in "The Popular Library of Art" (Duckworth) and "Masterpieces in Color" (Jack), with monographs by Mr. Edward Garnett in the former series, and by Mr. Lewis Hind in the latter. He takes rank at length on the shelves of the lettered multitude with Holbein and Dürer, with Millet and Botticelli. It is the most difficult of all triumphs—a triumph over fame. For since first Hogarth began to wield a graver's tool he has never been obscure. He was first the dreaded satirist, then the welcome moralist, and at length the valued historian. He has been our intimate companion from childhood, and neither Early Victorian prudery nor Mid-Victorian romance could banish him from the print-shop windows. We saw the Eighteenth Century with his eyes. He made "Tom Jones" chaste and Swift gentle. We gazed at his election scene and wondered no longer that Walpole bribed. We shuddered at Gin Street and realised why Wesley preached. He had become our illustrator, our commentator, our annalist. But all that he has at last lived down. It is the fate of the eighteenth century that it must suffer in all our minds this process of re-birth. We associate Handel with the gentler religious emotions of childhood, until there comes a red-letter day when we hear one of his orchestral suites, and realise that he was a musician. As boys we class our "Gulliver" with our "Crusoe" and our Hans Andersen, until in later life we feel the pain of a flayed skin as we recognise its awful meaning. One experiences, in realising that Hogarth was a master of color to be ranked with Hals, the sort of shock that comes to the piously-nurtured youth when first he perceives that the prophecies of Isaiah are great literature and the Book of Judges a sombre epic. What was morality becomes for the moment color. What was history is a glowing canvas.

It was once the writer's fate to endure the proximity of a neighbor who played the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven punctually after dinner every evening for a month. Insensibly his memories were transformed. The ear forgot the glories of trumpet and drum. The romantic

carnival of sound lowered itself to the records of a machine. The music pulsed with a mechanical rhythm. The contrasts were obliterated, the surprises tamed. It was, when we again heard the Symphony from an orchestra, a baffling re-discovery, an unorthodox denial of a version which the docile memory had already adopted. It is something of this bewilderment and joy that one experiences in seeing for the first time, in the dim and crowded picture-room of the Soane Museum, the original paintings of Hogarth's moral prints. One forgets the pulpit. One closes the history book. It is color and vision that glow and appeal before one. Here, instead of the ugliness and acerbity of the engravings, their vocal meaning, their insistent tale, are restful harmonies, gracious color-schemes, and startling unities of tone. No dress of a Velasquez princess, with its blacks and whites, its greys and silvers, and its brave accents of gaily-colored ribbon, delights with quite the surprise of the discovery that the "Rake's Progress" is a feast for the eyes. What was sordid has grown gracious, what was homely comedy has become a distinguished triumph in paint. Refrain from peering and probing into the details of the story. Repress your curiosity to decipher the minor jokes and the ultimate moral. There emerges for your reward a piece of work which combines with the malice of its portraiture, the verve of its gestures, the directness of its drama, a beauty, nay, even an elegance, of color that astonish by their reticence and skill. You looked for coarseness redeemed by vitality, for humor justified by observation, and, with all this, you are amazed that there is added to you a more than Dutch refinement of color. You had not guessed that the *levée* in the "Rake's Progress" was a soft harmony of grey and pink. You had not foreseen that the harsh brutality of the revel scene of the engraving melts in the painting into a warm and sensuous composition, lit by the cunning eloquence of reds. The Hogarth of the moral scenes is, in short, still the Hogarth of those portraits in which he condescended to leave in abeyance his exuberant humor and his insurgent criticisms. No brush, save that of Hals, had ever anticipated the virility, the rapid, nervous mastery of that astonishing "Shrimp Girl" in the National Gallery. It is dancing blood in color, it is riotous youth in paint. It is not so much a triumph and a victory, as a galloping rout of difficulties. Hogarth, in that defeat of the grossness of oil-paint, and the flatness of canvas, seems to wield not so much a brush as a rapier. He has made a few dazzling passes. He has disarmed his adversary. He has run the enemy through with an epigram on his lips. It is the obvious criticism on most of Hogarth's work that he knew no economy. He would not select. He must riot in detail. One suspects that, if one were to tear them from the frame, one would find even the backs of his canvases littered with supplementary jokes and subsidiary anecdotes. He forces us not merely to see but to read his pictures. Yet here, in this "Shrimp Girl," he has achieved pure impressionism, and addressed his appeal to the immediate intelligence of the eye. He could not be content to excel in one manner alone. In this one corner of a National Gallery room he achieves a distinct and separate mastery in each single canvas. The impressionist comments on the genre painter. The hard, brilliant, almost philistine competence of his sister's portrait shouts to the subdued and tender intimacy of the "Six Servants."

One does not realise that Hogarth was a painter, and that the better scenes of *Marriage à la Mode* and the *Rake's Progress* are great art, without turning out of doors a good deal of hastily accumulated mental furniture in the same moment and act. Our generation accepted too hastily the negations of the impressionists, and sneered much too readily at "literature" in paint. It needs only a visit to the drearier rooms of the Tate Gallery to justify and explain the reaction against framed novelettes and sentiment on canvas. The inhuman vision of impressionism saw in the world only its color, and sedulously forgot that men and women are anything more than an appearance which the eyes can see and the hand render. It taught us to dread the

moral and the anecdote as one fears a rhyme in blank verse. It fell upon the novelists in paint, the commentators on life, the illustrators of history, with knotted cords and pointed epigrams. It spoke to the eyes alone, until it forgot that our eyes are set in our head. It banished intelligence and expelled memory. We listened and looked and acquiesced. But it takes only a straight glance at Hogarth to restore one's judgment. If a painter may paint a portrait and is not disgraced by revealing character in repose, why in common sense may he not reveal it in action? If he may seize a gesture, why not also construct the scene in which it plays a part? One may regret the over-loaded detail of Hogarth, his microscopic embroidery of his tale, his garrulous elaboration. But it is a failure of candor to regret that he told tales at all. He told them a little too fully for a purely pictorial effect. His appeal to our love of gossip clashed with his call to our eyes. But in all the wealth and excess, amid the history and the moralising, the purely sensuous power of the great painter dominated his achievement. We have been modest over his artistic glory too long. The time has come to realise that England produced a Great Master a generation before Reynolds.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

THIS is an age of condensation. Even our mania for speed is but one phase of this universal passion, for pace-making is but the attempt to put the maximum of space into a minimum of time. The youth who, when asked why he wired in applying for a berth instead of writing through the post, replied by wire, "No time write full these days fierce comp.," was the successful candidate. And this is the tendency of the present age. It is just the same with men as machines. The individual who can produce more work in a given time necessarily in the scheme of universal economy passes and supersedes him whose energy or power of concentration is less. Even artists and men of letters are not excepted from this stress of competition, and the reader of the day shuns the leisurely and voluminous essays, philosophy and fiction of yesterday, and prefers the volume which can be read at a sitting, or, better still, a newspaper or periodical which presents the news and topics of the day in short, concise paragraphs. An idea in the current journalistic jargon may be best defined as a short cut to something, a new and shorter way of doing something which hitherto has taken more time. And all progress proceeds upon these lines or by an incessant simplification or series of short and still shorter cuts, as, according to one story, George Washington, chased by an angry bull, ran in continually diminishing circles until he was the pursuer, and crying, "Darn you, who began this fight?"

It is the custom of the literary, the leisurely, and the elect to condemn this passion for speed and brevity as a race without any goal and as an utterly unreasonable madness leading only to anarchy or lunacy. It is, they cry, an age of snippets. Now, in this warning there is much wisdom, and it would be folly not to give it heed, but it requires some qualification. It may be said that there is some reasoning in all folly, and the passion for brevity, for news rather than vaporish verses, for facts rather than fancies, for remedies rather than consolations, for prevention rather than compensation, and for speed rather than slackness, is no exception to this principle, and is, perhaps, but the perversion of a natural instinct.

For if we think of the matter more carefully we shall find that there is nothing evil in itself in this ideal of brevity, but rather good, for it is the natural manifestation of mind in the attempt to conquer matter. Its object is merely to annihilate mass and make mind the supreme master of the situation. According to Benedetto Croce every man is *in essentia* an artist, and, although it may seem to propose a paradox, nevertheless this labor is but the incessant, if sometimes misdirected, effort towards expression. Brevity is the natural aim of human endeavor; nay, it is even the law of evolution in nature. Nature always goes by the nearest and shortest cut, or, as Emerson has it, proceeds by a con-

tinual process of falling. To do anything which has hitherto appeared impossible, whether it has any immediate or present object or not, or to break a record of any kind, is in its aim artistic, if not in its accomplishment. Likewise the man who discovers a new fact, a new law of nature, a new planet; the explorer who penetrates hitherto unknown countries, is not less a poet (perhaps more) than the maker of inspired verses, the creator of ideas and images. The individual who does even anything in a new or better way, or who does something which has not been done before, is, in some degree, according to its importance, a poet. There is a very simple manner in which any man may become a poet if he cares to be one. It is by going to any place into which no man before him has ever put a foot. Who, reading the narratives of Captain Peary and Sir Ernest Shackleton in the right spirit, did not feel that these men were poets? Or again, which contains the most true poetry, the histories of Captain Cook's voyages, of the travels of Mungo Park and Columbus, or the fictitious narratives of "Munchausen" or Louis de Rougemont? But this is a digression. Howbeit, it is a fact that all men are in essence artists even in action, their common aim towards conquest, knowledge, and power, which are but other words for brevity.

And if this is true of action it is not less true of art and literature. Let us sneer at the snippet as we may, but the fault is not one of dimension. It would be possible to dismiss the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the maxims of Seneca and Epictetus, or the Pensées of Pascal, as snippets on the score of dimension. But art and truth, and, although it may be a trifle precipitous, we may add brevity itself, is not merely a matter of dimension. If the snippet is merely a snippet, then one may ask whose fault is that, the reader's or the artist's? There is nothing inconsistent with truth in brevity, and there is no limit to what may be said simply and naturally in half-a-dozen lines, if a man only has something to say and the art to say it. The value of the "snippet" depends upon what has been said in it. Nay, if a man really has anything impressive or urgent to communicate, it is to be suspected that it will not be long before we arrive at the matter of it. It would be too startling to propose that the importance of any oration diminishes in inverse ratio or by the square of the time taken to deliver it, though there would be some whimsical truth in such a proposition. But it may be proposed without any reserve whatever that there is nothing which would not be improved by condensation if this could be accomplished without injury to, or loss of, the complete expression. One cannot say, for instance, that *any* poem of five verses is better than *any* poem of six verses, but one can say with confidence that if the matter of the six verses could be put into five it would be better. There is no value or excellence whatever in mere dimension as dimension, and there is nothing in literature which would not be better for being shorter if—omnipotent if—it could be made shorter. But, paradoxically, some poems, like Browning's "Sordello," and other pieces, are generally too short for brevity, and require lengthening or amplifying in order to abbreviate them. As it has been said, brevity is not merely a matter of dimension, and it is from this misunderstanding that the evil and stress of much modern competition arises. It defeats its own object. The shortest way is in experience not always the nearest. If one cannot swim, rivers can only be crossed by boats or bridges.

Therefore let not the much-despised snippet be despised on the score of brevity, but only for more reasonable objections, as, for instance, that there is nothing in it, and this is often the fault of even larger works of ten or even a score of volumes. The literature of the future will probably consist largely of aphorisms, varying in length from six words to, perhaps, six hundred thousand. And therefore will it resemble more or less closely the best literature of the past. But still, as a rule, it is to be remembered as an axiom that one cannot obtain majesty in literature by mere mass. Books are not mountains. Even an epic of a thousand volumes would not attain majesty; it would merely not be read. Coleridge, Byron, Poe, and others, it will be

recollected, declared a long poem a contradiction in terms, Poe allowing an hour, then half-an-hour, and, finally, about a hundred lines for a composition of this kind, and much can be said for this view. One might even carry it further and affirm that it is true also of prose compositions. In fiction the unit towards which every work should approach as nearly as the design permits is the anecdote; and of the prose essay, the unit, although difficult of attainment, should be the aphorism, the phrase, or the epigram. It is, of course, impossible always to attain this form, the work sometimes falling short by hundreds of thousands of words, but, if these are necessary to it, it will not be a colossal failure. Some account must be made of the original distance to be traversed, the burden to be conveyed, and other disadvantages.

There is, therefore, let it be concluded, not a little logic in the instinct which demands from the artist something that can be easily cognised, and it is from the same natural instinct that the unsophisticated person always views with suspicion a very long literary exercise as being not likely to contain any matter of very urgent importance for him. It may yield him a good deal of pleasure if he can get over this original disinclination and give the time to the reading, but he would always prefer that it should be shorter, and, moreover, he always thinks that a book could be, at least before he has read it. And if he still thinks so when he has read it, the artist has failed of *this* reader.

IN A PINE WOOD.

THERE are no columns for holding up the calm silence of a winter fog like the stems of pine trees. Richard Jefferies said, and of course he was right, that there is nothing like a pine for pointing out the blueness of heaven. To-day it points out the greyness of a Thames fog. The grey wisps are drawn across the reddish-grey trunks, that can shine entirely red when the sun strikes them. Above, the dark tops make heart-of-grey billows like thunder clouds upon lesser clouds. Clouds, however, were never so still. There is a breathlessness of quiet as though the trees were about to fall. The pine needles, softened by months of rain, make not the least crackle under foot, and it is very rarely that a fallen twig snaps as it is trodden into the deep carpet. Because our wood covers a great hill of sand, its floor has been dry whenever the rain has held off for an hour or two. The lower wisps of fog hang at ceiling height, as though slung substantially upon the trunks, in and out of which they wind.

Here and there the rabbits have drawn out from under the carpet some of the sandy substance of the hill. In one place some smaller holes are strung on a narrow path of sand that may be the track from den to den of a stoat, or, perhaps, some rarer mustelid. The foxes are no doubt lying curled up under the rhododendrons, vast bushes of which stretch out hands from opposite sides of the ride that winds spirally up the hill. Our wood has been planted by a tree-lover and no timber-merchant, though it is a wood to be visited on that account by anyone who is thinking of planting timber. You can see here how the Weymouth pine grows, the magnificent "sticks" that spruce will make in thirty years, the difference that comes to a tree when close planted, instead of being allowed to spread. Nearly all the species represented gather representatives at the crown of the hill. A lordly sequoia sends up its symmetrical spire from the ground up, only separating its lower skirts enough to show the red rugosity of its central spindle. The usually stiff-growing araucaria here develops a little-known beauty by dipping the outer ends of its boughs, which cross one another in a maze of curve-sided parallelograms. Here a spruce growing on its own lawn rests its lower branches deep in the turf. We can enter and stand in a roomy chamber, whose roof is upheld by a central column like the pole of a very large bell-tent. It is easy to see that a foot of snow would press together the boughs that gape one above

another, and give us an entire roof, under which we could survive the coldest winter. There are many such dens on a smaller scale throughout the wood in which some tender animal would be sleeping in snow-time.

A fair knowledge of deciduous trees leaves us helpless among the many species of evergreens planted here. There are trees sixty feet high with the foliage of arbor vitae. The near boughs are like feathery fern, but they accumulate in the heights into a dense, almost funereal, canopy. Still more feathery in detail, and as dense in the mass, is the hemlock spruce. Another of the same type of foliage, but with thicker fronds, is already covered with yellow tips about to break into aromatic pollen. Our mild make-believe of winter, no doubt, is as spring to its iron constitution. Our tough native yew, however, is not far behind it in anxiety to blossom. The bulk of the trees are Scots pine, and these discard their lower branches even when, standing alone, each tree can do as it likes. They have the air of bearing foliage, not for use, but for ornament. It is scarcely credible that so small a cloud at the top of the great column could serve for the supply of its resin and its annual growth, more rapid than that of the full-canopied oak. There is an old pine that lost its leading shoot in infancy, and which now has seven branches of equal size starting almost from the ground. Crabbed at the start, it has gone on growing in a gnarled and twisted manner, its fingers shooting into knuckles with all the rigid agony of the oak under similar circumstances. The lower crotches make ideal seats from which to enjoy the fantasy of the place.

Swinging carelessly down the silent path, motion is automatically checked at sight of something among the needles that is not of their matted flatness. It is the bushy tail of a squirrel, whose head is almost buried in the earth. With the squirrel's own quick little movements, it unearths some treasure; perhaps a fir-cone, of which there are many specimens about, nibbled to the core by squirrel teeth; perhaps a sweet chestnut from the tree not far away. Above the tail appear two ear-tufts very close together, and a sly movement to one side brings into view the well-known profile view of the little animal nibbling what it holds in its hands. There is a tinge of red near the armpits and in the flank of the thigh that proclaims the English squirrel, but otherwise it is as grey in its winter garb as the Russian. Its face, from which the bold black eye gleams, is precisely of the smooth short grey of a lady's squirrel cloak. The slender barrel of its body is clothed with longer and slightly redder fur, and its tail is feathered more deeply than a Persian cat's.

We have got the squirrel under close observation. Though it run far in search of novel discovery, we can bring it back by means of the binocular. It is far more like a large dormouse than a small rabbit, in the agile quickness of its movements, in the roundness of its back when it moves slowly; but when it streams out at speed it is suddenly like a stoat, and for that likeness it has often to pay the penalty of being shot at. The alarm clatter of a pheasant makes it prick up its ears and stand on its hams for better observation of eye and nostril. Then there comes out of the wood a noise like the chunk of an axe—an essentially woodland noise which rattles far through the sympathetic trunks. It may be a nuthatch hammering out the kernel of a nut, for it has far more of the mechanical than the vocal quality. The squirrel is evidently agitated by it, for he lashes his tail like an angry cat, then springs to a tree and rushes up the trunk with a "wow-wow-wow-wow-wow" of *saute qui peut*. Immediately it is revealed that there is a second squirrel up the tree, a third in a neighboring pine-cloud, and more not far away. They are all making that "chunk, chunk" that is like a nuthatch and like the bite of an axe into a tree.

The joy of having the squirrels on this January day is that, like children at supper-time, they ought to be in bed and asleep. There can be very few good squirrels. They are scratching like little dogs in the incipient mould, leaping in the pine tops, hanging and dancing on the vertical trunks with all the certainty of bees. It is not their fault that January will not be January and

keep them as it should, snugly curled up in their winter dormitories. A succession of such winters unmisers them, and tends to make them improvident as grasshoppers. Worse than that, it gives opportunities for the improvident to break into the stores that wiser ones have laid by against the bad winter that never seems to come. When only a short day of sun interrupts a long spell of frost there is just time for the careful shadow-tail to find his own store, and help himself to a feast before turning in again. But when there are nine or ten bank-holidays on end, all the riff-raff of the wood may spy out the hoards of honest people and make away with them. Possibly the sad-eyed possessors of stores stand guard over them, and it is only the irresponsible ones that enjoy the mid-winter holiday.

There is a tinkle as of very small bells in the air, and a shower of small birds drives from tree to tree. There is not light enough to see them clearly, and they may be tits or wrens. The binocular picks out one that is undoubtedly a gold-crest, and it may be that they all are. We do not often see so many of these birds at once, nearly fifty of them, never except in such a wood as this. Many will have been hatched from their cob-web cradles slung from the under side of yew and pine branches here—they would be but a poor remnant after the squirrels had taken all the eggs and fledgelings they could find. But many of these tiny birds, that seem scarcely larger than humble-bees, have come across the bitter North Sea on their own feeble wings that seem scarcely able to carry them from tree to tree. Well, at any rate, our wood, dry-floored and sheltered as the aisles of a church, is better than a German forest bent and broken with snow and ice, beneath which food supplies are locked away as though in steel.

Short Studies.

ATHERLEY.

I.

THE bride would be coming down shortly, and in the wide, rose-colored entrance-hall, the usual group was gathered. Girls in muslin, matrons in silk, younger married women in the material of the moment; men in slim morning-coats, with white-edged waistcoats and wondrous shimmering ties—all but the bridegroom, who, happy at last in the travelling blue serge, with a straw hat (vastly but most reticently expensive) stuffed under his arm, professed an absolute confidence in his best man, Atherley, yet kept an anxious eye upon him all the same.

"Sure you saw that everything went to the station?"

"Don't you fuss, Michael," Atherley reassured him. "You just take what you can get and be thankful."

Michael, whose name was really Michael—the regiment had found that they could not improve upon it—looked up the stairs with furtive impatience. He had enjoyed his wedding, but he thought they might be getting off now. The regiment thought so, too. They had sworn that Michael's wedding should be a success, and they had made it one; but anti-climax seemed near. Nobody would do anything but hang about the hall-door. A dull moment threatened, and hitherto there had not been a dull moment. The bridesmaids were not only pretty girls, but "ripping" ones; Michael's presents had produced an ecstatic fantasia in little shrieks: "Oh the darlings!" They were diamond kittens . . . "So nice when her name's Kitty"—and each had been satisfied, too, with her frock and her hat. The pairs (for there were groomsmen) had been harmoniously assorted, as how should they have failed to be in a place where every tête-à-tête had been for weeks adamant. In short, it had gone off like a stage wedding, all ripple and rustle, glow and gleam.

"And real, instead of only fake," as Atherley had remarked to Rose Lessitor. "You ought to have been a bridesmaid, though," he added, and reflected that his pairing had fallen short of bliss.

"You goose!" she answered, softly. "I couldn't have worn green."

Atherley did not attempt the answering of an unanswerable thing like that. He said, with a bright challenge in his eyes as they met hers: "Well, confess—confess!"

"What?" she smiled. That smile of hers. . . . But Michael piteously called from somewhere, and Atherley had to go.

How often, during the gay, busy hours, had he looked for, had he found, Rose Lessitor's face, and always with the same puzzling thrill of pleasure. For he did not admire her. "Interesting," he would throw off, when asked his opinion of her looks. He hadn't any opinion of them; it was a sort of secret, even from himself, what he thought of her. Whatever it was, though, he was always thinking it.

"Ah, here she is!" The cry came from everywhere, and here she was, indeed—charming Kitty Kingscote, Kitty Fanshawe now; all brown eyes and laughter, not a scrap shy, insisting from the stair-head on "No slippers!" and her married name. The going-away gown swirled behind her on the rosy carpets, the great hat swept its shadow over the bright, loose hair. "No slippers—no horrid, crushy slippers!" she cried, descending into the ranks. "If you'd buy new ones, I wouldn't mind"—then farewells, kisses, no tears, no sighs (not at Michael's wedding); and, finally, the regiment's crowning coup, a rain of pink roses, and her laughing face looking back out of the motor, with Michael, radiant, standing over her, laughing too; a chorus of good-byes, good lucks, good times—and the wedding was over.

Atherley caught Rose Lessitor's glance again; again he challenged it.

"Confess!"

"I confess everything," she said—with tears so sweet in the smiling eyes that he involuntarily moved his hand to hers.

She left hers there, and he, with his eyes upon her, softly said, "It's the bride that does that."

"Cries?" she answered. "But she didn't to-day. Why should she?"

"Then why should you do it for her?" Atherley demanded.

"It isn't for her," said Rose.

* * * * *

Atherley found himself perpetually saying to Rose Lessitor, "I like this or that; it's so gay." The words reached his mental hearing in the end. "I'm like a clock!" he thought, a little uneasily. . . . "If I ever stopped striking, I believe I'd run down." That comment flashed furtively from somewhere, but he barely caught the gleam. He knew—and it was ordinarily enough for him—that for some inscrutable reason he wanted always to tell Rose about the various adventures of his soul among simple joys—the simpler, the more "English," the better.

"I collect them for you, really! Because they're clean and fresh and—and gay in a sense that your beloved Latin things never are," he would sum up, amid her soft amusement. "I knew you'd laugh," he added.

"Tell me some more adventures. I think I rather liked your grey-and-white waitresses with the Puritan caps in the Bond Street tea-place, where they put a posy on the trays. Always a white one, wasn't it?" she said, her voice waving with laughter.

Atherley made a restless, happy movement. "There—you see! That's funny, too, because it's sweet and simple."

"Is it?"

"Oh, you!" he cried, his face alight with satisfaction. "You can't see anything straight."

He believed she was envious of him, and indeed she had all the radiant humility of a transparent nature; it was, between them, an accepted superiority of his—this faculty for what he called "seeing straight." Nevertheless, a phrase recurred as often as Rose mused on Atherley's influence for her—recurred, and stopped short: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.* . . .

He was always telling her she was "sad." She did not feel sad; she did not know what she felt; it did not seem to matter. One hardly felt one's self to be anything in that sense; one just went on. But Atherley seemed to know very well that he was gay. Gaiety, then, was a thing that you were aware you possessed; not, as *she* had been used to believe, an attribute of the unapparent self. It was as apparent, she must conclude, as "the nose on your face"—Atherley's favorite illustration for all things evident. Well, she would learn gaiety from Atherley—Atherley, with the recipe in his grey lounge-suit pocket!

II.

The house in which they heard it, breaking off from dancing to hear, seemed like a haunted house, Rose thought, when first she passed it afterwards. She could imagine that the Godfreys might hastily leave it, because into it the news had entered, as it were. It was on the night of that dance they gave, the day after the wedding, "to console us for the happy pair's absence," as everyone had said. Everyone was there; Kitty's parents were, in some sort, the guests of the evening; and into that lit house the news had come.

Atherley and she were sitting out together in the conservatory, when suddenly, in the middle of the Lancers, the music stopped, there was a stir—no words that told them anything, only a sound in the voices. They had gone back to the ballroom, drawn by some chill spell, and there they had seen the faces. It was as if a blight had fallen on them. Rose had felt her own face wither, even before she heard, and Atherley's had withered; and then—oh God, the news of the railway accident, and Kitty and Michael killed in it.

* * * * *

Ten days since that night; and Atherley had come once to see her, and not again. Of course there was nothing going on, all gatherings had been abandoned, it was as if the place were in royal mourning; but for Atherley to want to be with her would have seemed natural. When he came that once, subdued, yet strangely flippant, he had talked of everything and nothing, except the one thing they were thinking of. All details were known now; they would not have spoken of them; but to speak of Michael, the darling of the regiment, of Kitty, the darling of the place, would have seemed, in him the friend of them both, almost inevitable. He had glanced restlessly at Rose's face a great many times; once or twice it had been as though the words were on his lips—and then he had darted away, as it were, to some futility. At last, almost resentfully (she thought) he had jumped up and said: "Well, I must go"; and, while he held her hand in good-bye, it had been for a moment as though he were going to break out. . . . but he had peered into her face again, and bitten his lip, and, with that odd resentful flash in his eyes, had gone.

It troubled Rose. In her humility, she blamed herself. Somehow she must have failed him. Yet *this* wasn't a question of "gaiety"! It brought a sob to her throat when she remembered his adventures of the soul—the simple, "English" adventures. How was his soul faring through this adventure, where so many things had to be left behind, as it were—where the heart was the prey, yet only the heart could show the path? Where would Atherley's heart escape to? By what knowledge would it deliver him?

As she went through the little wood, suddenly—lying on the grassy slope, watching her come—she saw Atherley.

He got up as she drew near; he said, as if to himself, "Yes. . . ." and they stood still together, amid the branches and the sunlight.

She looked into his face. It was beyond description—worried. That was the strange word which came to her. It was as if he did not know what to do. . . .

He flung up his head restlessly, like a horse kept waiting; and the very word of the face flashed out: "What's to be done?"

Her shut hands made a gesture of wonder and pity. "Ah—nothing, dear," she said, and the sharp tears stood in her eyes.

He looked at them frowningly, then flung up his head again. "I can't stand it."

"It's our share—" she faltered; but Atherley twisted away, stood an instant irresolute, then broke out at last.

"It's not to be borne. I can't—I won't stand it. And when I see you, or think of you, it's worse than anything." The strange resentment gleamed again. "You feel the—the infamy of it, but it isn't just Kitty and Michael to you; it's the whole of everything. It's as if you were thinking about the whole world. I don't think about them; I don't care a straw for any of them, except that I want to curse them all, because Kitty and Michael are—oh, *you* can bear it. I won't; I don't want to know how to." He stopped, and seemed to ponder for a moment. "Do you remember how you cried at—at the wedding? I've thought of it often since. It was the same sort of thing, only I didn't mind, because it was happy. But when it comes to a dastardly business like this—you're too big a thing for me. I don't want your tears. I don't want to know your way. We used to laugh—"

His voice broke; he turned impatiently, and went. Rose watched him go—yes, he must go. They had started wrong. . . . He would find a way through this, and he would never tell her. It was because they "used to laugh." And Atherley would laugh again, but not with her, for he would collect no more adventures.

ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.

Letter from Abroad.

THE EPILOGUE OF THE ANTI-MODERNIST CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Pope Pius X. has tried in succession to dislodge what he calls modernism from its various strongholds: theology, philosophy, history, the social sciences, democracy, and even—in a letter to Professor Decurtius—from literature. These attempts consisted in expostulations, denunciations, reproaches, and, every now and then, in arguments. But, along with these means of persuasion, there were others of a less speculative character. On the morrow of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, a letter from Cardinal Vannutelli had called the Bishops' attention to various classes of individuals who might be tinged with the heresy, and were to be discharged at once, if they held any responsible position as parish priests or professors. Other measures had, soon afterwards, been decreed. Councils of vigilance had been established in each diocese to which every manifestation of heterodoxy was to be reported; the rules for obtaining the episcopal *imprimatur* had been made stricter; finally, every priest who was supposed to write had been called upon to send in a list of the periodicals to which he contributed under his name or under a pseudonym, and literary work of any description had been prohibited apart from an express episcopal authorisation.

The consequence of this decisive action had been the speedy disappearance of several theological magazines, the transformation of others, and a general decrease of ecclesiastical production. This had been partly the object of the Roman authorities, but it did not satisfy them. A heading soon appeared in the "Corrispondenza Romana," laughable enough at first, but soon irritating as a bad joke, which you may also find in French, and even in English, but hardly ever in German Catholic papers: "the modernist Carboneria." These suspicious journalists will have it that modernism is not only what the Encyclical said it was—viz., all the heresies rolled into one—but a dark and powerful international association as well. In September last, the readers of these fanciful gentlemen were treated to copious details con-

cerning a meeting of the "chiefs of European Modernism" at Lugano. It appeared from these accounts that "European Modernism" was as clever at keeping council with itself as any freemasonry, and, at the same time, as rich as an American trust. The plans of this association were to flood the clergy with publications in five or six languages, and to spend considerable sums in providing a so-called scientific, but obviously anti-Christian, education for young priests of ability. Not a minute was to be lost in exposing these doings and protecting the Church.

The difficulty was to lay hands on those anonymous leaders of the new Carboneria. Nobody could name them. Yet, there had always been a more or less avowed idea—clearly expressed in the Encyclical *Pascendi*—that Modernists might be proud, insubordinate, and stubborn, but they were honest. Here was a way. They might be caught in their own honesty. Let the Pope call upon every priest in the world to reprove Modernism on his oath, and the Modernists would reveal themselves at once by refusing to take the oath.

Now, it is a mere fiction—of which its own inventors themselves are probably not the dupes—that there exists such a thing as an ecclesiastical Carboneria. But it is a fact that there is, among the Catholic clergy, a considerable element imbued with the notions and spirit commonly called Modernism, and through which kindred impressions travel with amazing rapidity. A feeling was soon propagated among these men that the chief object of the *motu proprio* was not to secure or ascertain the beliefs of the so-called faithful clergy, but to get rid of a number of dangerous individuals. They thought they found themselves in presence of a manœuvre the nature of which was not difficult to find out. Was it right of the Vatican to make use of such a stratagem? Was it lawful, was it even moral, to make the conscience of priests, already bound hand and foot by so many obligations, the toy of a mere caprice or the field of a police machination? What was it that they were called upon to swear to? If it had been the creeds of Christianity, or even the less fundamental, but, all the same, venerable, decisions of the Councils, it would have been defensible. But the oath was to cover a much wider ground, and, in many cases, of a far less doctrinal character than, for instance, the Articles of the Church of England. The whole of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, and of the decree *Lamentabili*, with their crude scientific and historic views, was included. The historic method was plainly and brutally excommunicated, while the scholastic philosophy was canonised. Was there anything else but a condemnation of St. Augustine, Pascal, and Newman in a statement concerning the existence of God? The Vatican Council had said, most advisedly, that the existence of God can be known with certainty; the formula to which the oath was attached coolly added, "and consequently demonstrated." What right had the authorities to bind a modern mind to such doctrines?

Gradually the thing appeared extraordinary and monstrous. Some bishops must have felt it. The Archbishop of Paris at first endeavored to make the measure less tyrannical by making the oath compulsory only at the moment of receiving orders. But Rome threw out this interpretation.

As the time drew near for taking the oath in the diocese of Paris—that is, the second week in November—the tendency to look upon the act as a mere formality increased. The very day when the parish priests were to go through it at St. Roch's, a document was published by the "Temps," purporting to have been sent round to all the Bishops of France by a number of unknown ecclesiastics, and saying as much. The day before, a stupendous piece of news had appeared in most papers. The Bavarian clergy, at least such of them as were employed in teaching, had been dispensed from taking the oath at all. No reason was given for this astonishing privilege, but it was probably the same as the Munich professors had put forward to evade the Encyclical *Pascendi*. They were surrounded by Protestant scholars who had nothing but scorn for the interference of theology in criticism, and, if they took the oath, their own position as savants would be rendered impossible.

Nothing could be more reasonable. But, if it was reasonable in Germany, why should it not be so elsewhere? In matters of such moment was not even a single exception of paramount importance? If the Pope admitted that a few priests of one country could not take the oath without blushing for doing so, was it not equivalent to granting that there was something shameful—from some point of view or other—in binding one's self to the formula? Truth, gospel truth, does not admit of any exception. Needless to say that this news went far to encourage many priests in regarding the oath ceremony as a ceremony and nothing else.

So, practically everybody called upon to take the oath did take it. The apparent exceptions concern priests unattached to churches, and, consequently, left out of the *motu proprio*. One priest, a well-known monk, left Paris on hearing that the oath would be required of him; that was all.

It would, therefore, seem that this desperate measure has not had the effect one expected. It has struck the Roman Catholics capable of an independent opinion as cruel and immoral, but it has forced very few Modernists out of the Church. An article in the "Univers" for November 11th contained a melancholy confession from an anonymous Bishop, to the effect that the one method left to the ultra-orthodox for finding out Modernists, lay in what one has no choice to call by another name than espionage. And the journalist added, also with a tinge of melancholy, that this system, excellent as it is, will not be easily acted upon. No, indeed. It is not easy to look into people's letters and even books, and, in the present state of science, it is quite impossible to look into their heads, which, however, would be the only entirely satisfactory procedure.

—Yours, &c.,

GALLICAN.

Paris, January.

Letters to the Editor.

ENGLISH ANXIETIES ABOUT HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bedford Pierce writes of "misgivings as to the consequences of Home Rule unless the matter is handled in a generous spirit towards the feelings of the minority." What are his grounds?

"Cattle-driving is undoubtedly cruel to the beasts, it is unjust to hard-working farmers, and I hardly think it can be defended by right-thinking persons." Yet it "has never been condemned by the leaders of the Nationalist Party."

The reason is because cattle-driving is no more cruel than taking bullocks to a fair—far less cruel than sending them by rail. Cruelty to cattle has been denounced times and again by Mr. Redmond and others. The persons affected are not "hard-working farmers," they are speculators in live stock, who generally till no land, and whose main business is frequently shop-keeping. The whole thing is a labor question. Nor are "the minority," as such, involved. The persons whose cattle have been driven have been, I would venture to say, in nine cases out of ten Roman Catholics.

Again, says Mr. Pierce, in Ireland "the Society of Friends are almost entirely opposed to Home Rule," though in England they are for it. "Is it reasonable to conclude that local knowledge of Irish conditions counts for nothing?" The true conclusion, I submit, is that Quakers, like other people, are subject to the contagion of political influences. In the old days, when they were more a people apart, they distinguished themselves by their trust in their Roman Catholic neighbors. None, it is said, left their homes during the Wexford rising, nor was their trust misplaced. Does it prove knowledge of local conditions that the Pigott letters were purchased from the forger by a member of the Society of Friends?

Mr. Pierce wishes that the right for Irishmen to govern themselves in matters purely Irish could be achieved "without strife and bitterness." We shall all agree. But is it the Nationalists or is it the political allies of Irish Quakers who are threatening civil war? I am not a Roman Catholic, I am a Nationalist partisan. But I assert that the figures and facts of Irish local government prove irrefragably two

things: first, the tolerance and generosity of Irish Catholic and Nationalist districts; secondly, the intolerance and narrow spirit of jobbery which prevails among Irish Protestants and Unionists. Take a few sample cases. In Antrim, Protestants are seventy-four per cent. of the population; they hold ninety-two per cent. of the salaried posts. This may not seem so extravagant. But in Armagh, where they are fifty-five per cent. of the population, they hold ninety-four per cent. of the jobs; in Tyrone, where, although an actual minority, they control the County Council by one vote, this position is used to such an advantage that they keep ninety per cent. of the positions.

In the neighboring county of Monaghan, Catholics have it all their own way; yet Protestants get forty-one per cent. of the appointments, and this includes the most valuable of all, given only the other day. That is the normal state of things. In every case but one, through a list of seventeen Catholic counties (taking the figures given by Mr. Redmond in his article published on Sunday last in "Reynolds"), the percentage of employment is higher than the percentage of population, and generally out of all proportion to it.

What more could Catholics do to prove their respect for the rights of minorities?—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN GWYNN.

Irish Press Agency,
2, Great Smith Street, S.W.
January 11th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Pierce puts forward certain views on the settlement of the Irish question, which, as an Irishman living in England, are not unfamiliar to me. May I ask for space to deal with them? This is, I think, Mr. Pierce's case. He favors Home Rule, but fears its consequences. He believes it possible that the Protestant minority may be oppressed. He fears that the responsible leaders may not be able to carry out their own good intentions. He instances "cattle-driving" as a proof that things may be done over which the leaders have little or no control. He asks that the opposition of "people on the spot," based on "local knowledge," may not be summarily dismissed. He wants to see Home Rule brought about without strife or bitterness. If it cannot be done in this way, he seems to consider that it should be left alone.

Now, approached in such a spirit, letting "I will not wait upon I would," no reform, no matter how vital, could ever be carried out. Behind all needful change there must be a strong conviction that the thing is right and must be done. A shivering fear that paralyses action is fatal to progress. It may be said that it is better to "bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of." But the spirit shown in these lines was informed by knowledge that the possible future ills if incurred were irremediable. The choice was for ever. It is not so here.

I submit, then, that the settlement of the Irish question, if it is to be successful, must be a large, generous, comprehensive settlement. It must be on the Liberal lines that have made the South African settlement one of the great and glorious triumphs of Liberal statesmanship. It must begin in the resolve to do the right thing and to do it well, because it is the right, the just, as well as the expedient thing to do, because it will be good for Ireland, for England, and for the Empire. To act always with a view to what is possible, instead of what is probable, is to be always feeble. If the views of the local British population in South Africa, especially in the Transvaal, had been allowed to prevail, what sort of settlement would have been made there, and when would it have come about?

I advance this, in reply to the query about the Quakers in Ireland being mostly against Home Rule. Is it quite true? Certainly not of all the Quakers. But, if true, is a mere handful—and the Quakers are, however worthy individually, a mere handful of the Irish people—to fix the terms of the Irish settlement, or make it impossible? Or again, are the Orangemen to do so? They are not even in a majority in the Ulster counties. Is it, then, contended that a part of one province is to rule, not only that province, but all the other three? Either an overwhelming majority of the Irish people are to rule themselves, or they

are to be ruled by a small minority. Those who say that the peers in this country and a minority of the people should govern, may consistently argue that the same principle must be applied to Ireland.

But truly, I am at a loss quite to comprehend on what grounds your correspondent was and is a "convinced Home Ruler." On what does he base his convictions?

The twin dangers of "separation" and "the persecution of the minority" in Ireland are no longer reasonably arguable. No one in Ireland or outside it talks or thinks of separation. We may dismiss it as a corpse. It was not so once. But a change has come about. In Ireland there are irrefragable reasons against it. Old age pensions, land purchase, and other causes have laid that bogey.

In America, in the Colonies, here in Great Britain, and all over the world, the Irish people no longer aim at separation, or even argue in its favor. Irish sentiment and conviction are overwhelmingly against any such proposals. Parnellite Home Rule, to the forwarding of which Cecil Rhodes, Imperialist and Unionist to the core, subscribed £10,000, was then the Irish demand. That demand remains unaltered.

But even those Irish people, in many parts of the world, who, as late as twenty years ago, "went farther" than Parnell, have felt the influence of so many years of the "Constitutional" movement, and to-day any demand for an "independent" Irish State, Republican or otherwise, is hardly ever heard of. The circumstances and conditions have altered entirely, and this is the result.

Now, if I may in another letter deal with the fear-of-persecution bogey, I shall endeavor to show that, as the Catholics of Ireland, South, East, and West, could persecute now, and might have had cause to do so in the past, yet do not, and have not ever done so, there would be overwhelmingly stronger reasons, in the altered conditions which would prevail under self-government, why any semblance of persecution should be avoided in the future.—Yours, &c.,

C. DIAMOND.

57, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
January 10th, 1911.

MR. SARGENT AND MR. FRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I regret extremely that Mr. Sargent should think that I invoked his name unfairly as a supporter of Post-Impressionism. What I did was this: In answering Mr. Robert Morley's *ipse dixit*, I mentioned as supporters such names as "Degas, Dr. von Tschudi, Mr. John S. Sargent, and Mr. Claude Phillips (at least as regards Cézanne), Mr. Berenson, Mr. Horne," &c. By coupling Mr. Sargent's and Mr. Claude Phillips's names in this way, I thought that I had made it clear that the qualifying clause "(at least as regards Cézanne)" applied to both, and this statement was based upon a letter of Mr. Sargent's to me, in which he expressed admiration for Cézanne. I learn, for the first time, from his letter to the NATION what his opinion of the other artists shown at the Grafton Gallery is. I regret it, because I had hoped that his generous sympathies with art of a different aim to his own might have led to another verdict. The main fact, however, remains that Mr. Sargent does admire Cézanne, who has been amongst the most violently abused of all the artists at the Grafton Gallery.—Yours, &c.,

ROGER FRY.

Denlion, Guildford,
January 10th, 1911.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow a schoolmaster of more than twenty years' standing to make two comments on the interesting article contributed by "An Old Etonian" to your issue of January 7th?

1. I think it is not unfair to say that the Public School Religion (for the public schools have produced a kind of religion) does not draw much of its inspiration from the Bible. The average master undoubtedly believes in the Divinity of Christ and accepts the Gospel narrative as historical; but, when he is puzzled about his duty towards his

neighbor, he turns for light, not to the Sermon on the Mount, but to the "Spectator," or the "Times," or some other organ of the Conservative Party. Custom decrees that his Sunday lesson should centre round the Bible; but on the topics which form the core of his spiritual life—patriotism (Imperial or local), the beauty of being a true sportsman, the moral value of games, the duty of dignified self-assertion—the Gospels are silent or disappointing. Nor are the Prophets more helpful. Inevitably, therefore, he is driven back on to Huppim and Muppim and the parables peculiar to St. Luke.

2. If the public schools were to make an attempt to Christianise the rising generation, would the parents stand it? I think not. The average parent understands by religious teaching something which will provide a sanction for the commercial spirit and the existing social order. In a vague way he wishes his boy to realise that wealth is blessed and poverty slightly discreditable, and that the British Empire is a sounder and more practical ideal than the Kingdom of Heaven. If his boy *must* be righteous, it is desirable that his righteousness should not exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees; whatsoever is more than this comes of Socialism, or some other evil thing. No doubt the Bible is a most unpromising book on which to build up a sound commercial education; but many generations of business men have learned to regard it as a talisman; so the boy must grow up with it, but not of it. The problem seems a difficult one, but once again Huppim and Muppim and the parables peculiar to St. Luke furnish the solution.—Yours, &c.,

PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER.

January 10th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I read with much interest the article on "Public School Religion," by "An Old Etonian," in last Saturday's *NATION*. With much of his criticism of the Headmasters' view on the subject I am in entire agreement. Worship in the chapel of a public school usually degenerates into formalism, but surely not any more readily than do the services in college chapels at the Universities or in parish churches throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the latter half of the article, however, the writer seems to imply that real religious teaching should be substituted for "divinity." This is the point at which our views cease to coincide. Religion is altogether too personal and too intimate a subject to be taught at school as Greek, or Latin, or algebra are taught. It should be imparted by the parents at home rather than by the form master, who can only extract the minimum of knowledge of the Greek Testament by the threat of "detentions" for unprepared work.

In spite of the lack of real religious teaching at public schools, I do not think boys at those schools have less definite ideas on the subject than other boys of the same age. I have been present at more than one heated religious discussion round the fire in the monitors' room of one of the houses at Shrewsbury.

Admitting all the arguments of the writer of the article against public school "divinity," it is surely a fact that the reading of the Gospels in the original and a working knowledge of the Old Testament are very useful accomplishments from the purely intellectual point of view. The late headmaster of Shrewsbury seemed to recognise that a knowledge of the Bible was of intellectual rather than of spiritual value, in that he studied Tennyson's "In Memoriam" with the sixth form during part of the time that the rest of the school were struggling with lists of the Judges or with the question whether *κάμηλος* meant a rope or a camel.—Yours, &c.,

OLD SALOPIAN.

January 8th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me a few remarks on the very interesting article of "An Old Etonian" on this subject in your last issue? While I entirely agree with him that religion in the truest sense of the word is scarcely taught at all in public schools, I cannot but think that he is mistaken in assuming that public schools are peculiar in this matter, and should rather say that the so-called religious teaching

all over the country, in churches, schools, and elsewhere, fails in the same way. Of course, there may be exceptions; but it is surely generally true that school-teaching extends only to the external knowledge of the Bible, and in Church schools of the Prayer-Book, with a smattering of Church history, while sermons treat of doctrine and ecclesiastical claims, the true teaching of Christ being almost wholly neglected. I should not, however, seek a remedy by totally abolishing the present subjects of instruction in schools and substituting moral teaching on Christian lines, but should rather say, "These ye ought to have done, and not have left the other undone." Knowledge of the Scriptures is just as good an education in its way as knowledge of the classics, and the real religious teaching is generally better given in sermons or in "private" than in school. It seems also strange to me that Eton should be singled out for special attack on the ground of the inefficiency of its Scriptural teaching. In my time the teaching was particularly good of its kind, and Eton men were specially distinguished at Cambridge for their knowledge of the New Testament, the Caius Prize being frequently won by an Eton freshman. Of course, this only applies to the best boys, and these were rather encouraged to learn for themselves than directly taught; but this is hard to avoid in any subject. With regard to "Sunday Q's," I think "An Old Etonian" must have been unfortunate in his masters; I do not remember the conundrums which he mentions; and one master, at least, always set, instead of a series of questions, the very thing which "An Old Etonian" says was never set—a subject for an essay, in which the boys were free to express their own opinions. Certainly, Christianity as a rule of life was not, except, perhaps, occasionally and accidentally, taught at all; but is there any school, public or private, elementary, secondary, or advanced, Anglican, Roman Catholic, or Non-conformist, in which it is habitually taught!—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER OLD ETONIAN.

January 8th, 1911.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent who suggests that "No Quaker would have any objection to helping to succor his countrymen wounded in defence of their homes," expresses a half-truth, which must be qualified by certain conditions. In a letter to the Australian Minister for Defence these have been summarised in a statement that any such relief organisation must be in no way an adjunct of the military machine, and must assist combatants on both sides. It is because the alternatives provided by the Commonwealth Defence Act do not accord with these conditions, that many young Friends in Australia, from the age of fourteen upwards, are expecting to be imprisoned within the next few months.

And there are not a few of us in England who are proud of them, and would wish gladly to follow them were we in their position.—Yours, &c.,

RODERIC K. CLARK.

Asgarth, Purley,

January 8th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Frank Fox in your last issue curiously fails to understand the grounds of objection to compulsory military service. I question if a single objector in Australia will regard the so-called "exemption," which consists in compulsory service in the ambulance sections of the Army, as anything but an insult. If the Australian Government is going to enforce the new law in the spirit in which Mr. Fox writes, we shall presently see trouble. The military bonds are not going to be fastened upon the British peoples without a struggle.

Objection on democratic grounds to universal compulsory service is to Mr. Fox "mystifying." One is sorry, but apparently Mr. Fox does not understand the meaning of democracy. It certainly does not mean that services which every male does not join in cannot be permitted within the State. Mr. Fox might, perhaps, endeavor to fathom the mystery a bit. He would then discover that democracy does not merely mean the substitution of the tyranny of the many for that of the few. He is confusing Ochlocracy (which can

be just as tyrannical in domestic matters as any aristocracy) with that form of society whose first principle is the personal liberty of *all* the citizens. *Compulsory* military service is diametrically opposed to democracy, and it is a most regrettable thing that the Labor Government of Australia should have taken this anti-democratic step on the downward path of militarism.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH,
National Peace Council.

167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.
January 8th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The word conscription is used to frighten people into opposing universal training. It conveys vaguely the idea of the press-gang. As I understand it, conscription means taking a certain number of men out of a country either by lot or by force, and compelling them to serve for years in the army and fight all over the world. In the past it has also meant that the rich could buy the poor to serve for them. Universal compulsory military training, as put forward by Lord Roberts, means that rich and poor alike shall serve at the age of eighteen, for once in their lives, for four months in the ranks, and for the next three years for a fortnight each year, for home defence only. This is the most democratic system ever proposed, and the most just. At present the great majority of the Territorial Army are working men, and on them falls chiefly the whole burden of defences. A patriotic working man, with a wife and children, gives his spare time and in some cases part, or the whole, of his only yearly holiday. The young unmarried man with £10,000 a year in British or Foreign securities need not lift his little finger to defend the securities and advantages he enjoys. Nobody can defend this. Napoleon said that in war "the unexpected usually happened." Some people may think invasion unlikely, but it is allowed to be possible, and the Germans are admittedly practising embarkation and disembarkation. Is there any man of British blood, except a Quaker, who would not be willing to fight for the honor and safety of the women and children of his country? At present the huge majority of our able-bodied men would be absolutely helpless. Under the Territorial scheme they have purchased the blood of their fellow-countrymen for cash, and can stay under the shelter of a white flag and see men die. These are the bare, stern facts, which cannot be disputed. Is it, or is it not, the first, the most necessary, and the most honorable duty of every man to learn enough to enable him to defend the women and children of his country, and can this be done in any other way than by universal compulsory military training? If opponents of universal training cannot answer, they have no case. The danger of invasion and starvation gets nearer as the months go by. Many amongst the upper and middle classes are too idle or too indolent, or too much engaged in their business or pleasure, to give themselves time to think or to read history and the signs of the coming débâcle. Many of the masses are so ground down by poverty and misery that they are apathetic and ignorant. There is much excuse for the poor and miserable, none for those who have every opportunity of finding out our defenceless condition. Some of the Socialist leaders have faced great opposition and unpopularity, and told the people plainly of our increasing danger. Not one of the Cabinet or ex-Cabinet Ministers, though they must know our danger well, have dared to tell the people the whole truth and the real facts as shown by Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Hyndman, and Mr. Blatchford.—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

January 11th, 1911.

THE INDO-CHINESE OPIUM TRADE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—By an accident I have only just seen Mr. Alexander's letter on the above subject in your issue of 31st ult., and, though I have my own ideas as to the efforts of the *Chinese Provincial Authorities* to put a stop to the growth of the native drug, I am not at present concerned with this aspect of the matter. But I desire to protest against Mr. Alexander's repetition of the oft-exposed misnomer of the war of 1840. He calls it the Opium War,

whereas it was only incidentally so caused. All the best authorities are agreed upon this point—and the very latest work on Chinese international relations puts this fact in the plainest manner. Mr. Morse, the author of the *Compendium* (Longmans, 1910), cannot be suspected of any bias in favor of the foreign merchants in China, his career naturally leading him to look at things from a Chinese point of view, and yet at page 254 of the book referred to he says:—"War came when it did because the Chinese had precipitated a crisis by a vigorous campaign against opium; but it was not fought to uphold the trade in opium, and it was only the beginning of a struggle which lasted for twenty years, and which was to decide the national and commercial relations which were to exist between the East and the West." Mr. Morse backs up this opinion by quotations from such diverse authorities as John Quincy Adams and Dr. Martin of Peking, and the facts are well known to all who have studied the subject dispassionately.—Yours, &c.,

SHANGHAI.

London, January 6th, 1911.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Permit me to endorse the timely letter from Miss Llewellyn Davies which appears in your current issue. During the recent election I took part in contests in London, Lancashire, and the North. Everywhere great audiences were quick to respond to a reference to full citizenship for men and women.

It seems to me that those who fear the country is not yet ripe for Adult Suffrage are a little out of touch with the common people, and fail to realise that the industrial struggle, plus free education, is a forcing-house for political thought among them.

Quite recently I was asked to unfurl a new banner for an active branch of the Domestic Servants' Union, the chief officials of which are women who not only have opinions on the political situation as it affects servants, but also the ability to express them publicly.

In the Shop Assistants' Union there are many women's committees which, in addition to assisting in the general work of the Union, conduct a special propaganda for women, and the members of which train themselves to speak on the Shops Bill, or any other legislative proposal affecting their condition of employment. Extension of existing franchises will enfranchise either of these large bodies of workers.

We claim that it is not only just but politically expedient that the Government should speedily pass an Adult Suffrage Bill, since there is now no class of women or men (except criminals and lunatics) whom it is to the interest of Democracy to exclude.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

8, Denman Drive, Hendon, N.W.

January 3rd, 1911

THE OPERA THAT WE HAVE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of the very poetical article on opera in your issue of January 7th, infers from Mr. Thomas Beecham's failure at Covent Garden that we are not an opera-loving people, and is therefore puzzled that Miss Marie Brema should nevertheless have secured a lasting success for her performances of "Orpheus" at the Savoy. Between the methods and talents of Marie Brema and Thomas Beecham there is very little analogy. Miss Brema has practically made a life-study of Gluck's "Orpheus." To the special performances in question were given weeks, nay months; of patient, intelligent, if unboomed and unadvertised, rehearsal and trial. So much so that, when Michael Balling (of Bayreuth repute) arrived to conduct the first performances, he readily acknowledged Miss Brema's work to be one of the most perfectly styled interpretations of a classic he had ever had the pleasure of assisting in. Mr. Thomas Beecham is a most delightful musical enthusiast. He has a fine facility for memorising an opera score, whether mentally or at the pianoforte. But it does not follow that he has either the requisite patience or the knowledge and power to dissect an opera, in view of the character of the music, and the capacities of his per-

formers, and build it up again with a proper adjustment and contrast of the component parts of solo, chorus, and orchestra.

Your contributor alludes also to the steady-going work of Sir Henry J. Wood and his Committee. Thanks to the genius and labor of Henry Wood, the Queen's Hall Orchestra has become a valuable and reliable institution. Sixteen years or more ago, when Sir Henry Wood first laid the foundations of his success, it was patent that here was a musician peculiarly adapted to the artistic production of opera. He has, all along, been hemmed in, so to speak, by the altogether narrower limits of the concert platform. Yet I believe I am correct in stating that he has never once had a fitting opportunity offered him to rehearse and conduct an opera at Covent Garden. Could Mr. Beecham's fortune have come into touch with Henry Wood's skill, there would surely be no more doubt whether the British public is ready to appreciate opera. It is not the audiences that are lacking, nor the talent, here and there, of our interpreters of music; and certainly there is money at hand. Indeed, the amount of money now annually wasted in this country, directly and indirectly, upon the furtherance of fruitless, ill-considered musical schemes is tragic. What we do appear to lack somewhat is the discernment and perspicacity to bring money and ability together in the right channels.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. KEETON.

128, Piccadilly, W.

January 11th, 1911.

REVENGE OR JUSTICE?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The general vague dissatisfaction with the conduct of the police in the Sidney Street affair, expressed by journals so widely different as the "Times" and the "Daily Chronicle," is crystallised in your review of the situation, entitled "A Question of Tactics."

Will you allow a constant reader to emphasise one or two points?

A good many simple folk like myself, with no knowledge of police or military matters, are rather dismayed at the Sidney Street happenings, because an execution without trial is a new thing to us. No doubt the general trend of circumstances, and the desperate character of the supposed criminals, made the bombardment of the house almost inevitable, but certain disturbing facts remain; the men besieged were suspected but not proved murderers, the house may have been fired equally well by police shots as by the criminals themselves, and the bodies were so destroyed that identification was hardly possible.

We need not touch on the unusual display of force necessary to bring about the violent death of two men, for even those journals which live on public stupidity are realising that the "lesson" given to criminal aliens is not quite what they supposed it to be. But many of us feel that the "Sidney Street Siege" has not shown our police organisation in the most flattering light, while a few suspect that our legal credit may be impaired. We plain English citizens have been brought up to think that the business of the law is, in the face of every difficulty, to arrest suspected persons, and to hold them in safe keeping until their fate is decided; if the law fails to do this, we begin to wonder whether the occasion is not one for serious inquiry and, perhaps, censure. Certainly, the Lettish murderers did not play the game fairly, for they were prepared to kill anyone; but, if criminals try to change the business of being arrested into open warfare, should the legal forces agree to do the same? Can two desperate men really drive a large body of officers of the law, and the skilled powers directing them, into illegal action?

Surely this is a matter for the consideration of the community, since we are all remotely but undeniably responsible for the laws under which we live.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. TRAVERS.

Tortington, Arundel, Sussex,

January 9th, 1911.

THE EDUCATION OF TURKISH GIRLS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You have always shown yourself so ready to further the best interests of young Turkey that we venture

to make an appeal through your columns for a fund which we are hoping to raise in England for educating Turkish girls.

Some of your readers will remember that in October, 1908, a Turkish lady, Mme. Salih, made an appeal through your columns for English advice and sympathy in regard to the reforms which were then being contemplated in Turkish women's education. Her reason for appealing to England in the matter was that, since she was convinced that Turkey must import something from European systems of education, she considered it wiser for her to learn from England rather than from France. As she said (I quote from memory), "We need the wholesome tone of Anglo-Saxon literature and thought for the right development of our girls."

Since that time, under Mme. Salih's inspiration and direction, some definite reforms have been accomplished. The Dar-ul-Mahlyumat (or Normal School for Girls) has been reorganised, and Mme. Salih has devoted herself to the training of the more advanced pupils, the first set of whom were last summer sent out to begin their work as teachers in remote parts of the Empire.

But the Turkish Government is by no means flush of money, nor has it, with regard to any matters which a Mahomedan would incorrectly consider to be "of purely feminine interest," that enthusiasm which finds funds in spite of everything. The Dar-ul-Mahlyumat is still very insufficiently equipped. Recognising this, they have taken the rather astonishing course of sending five or six orphan girls, who show special promise, to the American College for Girls, now in process of removing from Scutari to Arnantkeni. This institution, which has already done such admirable work in training Bulgarians, Armenians, and Greeks, was practically banned to the Turks under Abdul Hamid. And now that Turkish girls are freely allowed by their Government to go to it, it is difficult for them to obtain places. Many Turkish girls, indeed, are applying for admission in vain.

We feel that any act, by which we as a nation can show our desire to help Turkey in its endeavors after higher things, will be received by them at this critical moment with real appreciation, and will be symbolic of much that it would be impossible to convey to them in another form. We are therefore trying to raise a sum of between £750 and £1,000 with which to endow a permanent bursary at the American College for a Turkish girl who is willing to devote five or six years at least to teaching or some other useful work among her own people.

Sums from £1 to £20 have already been received, and £5 for five years has been promised conditionally on five other subscribers being found who are willing to do the same. Cheques may be forwarded to Miss Isabel Fry, c/o. A. G. Symonds, Esq., 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

ISABEL FRY.

January 9th, 1911.

NOEL BUXTON.

Poetry.

PROGRESSIVE POLITICS.

WHEN he of the stern glance and mighty beard,
The goodly-statured, from high Nebo's top
Gazed o'er the promised land, with eye unfear'd
He searched its utmost harvest: crop on crop
Of spacious provinces; some ripe to drop,
And waiting but the gust to shake them o'er;
Others at bounds where Judah would not stop;
And at fair Hermon and the Tyrian shore.
Manasseh, Ephraim, and Simeon hoar,
He saw take up their places. Yet how frail
The achievement was! What bitterness it bore!
What questionings! What strife! How nigh to fail!
So is it ever: Visions glimpsed to-day,
To-morrow's struggle to reclaim and sway!

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Matter and Memory." By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by N. M. Paul and W. Scott Palmer. (Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Art's Enigma." By Frederick Jameson. (Lane. 6s. net.)

"Ferdinand Lassalle." By George Brandes. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

"With Stevenson in Samoa." By H. J. Moors. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Essays on the Purpose of Art: Past and Present Creeds of English Painters." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Spirit of Democracy." By Lyman Abbott. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Two Religions of Israel." By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne. (Black. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. (Lane. 6s.)

"Le Mouvement physiocratique en France de 1756 à 1770." Par G. Weulersse. (Paris: Alcan. 10fr.)

"Paroles françaises." Par Paul Deschanel. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

A BOOK very much out of the ordinary run is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of "An Adventure." It relates the experiences of two ladies who, when visiting the Petit Trianon at Versailles in 1901 and 1902, saw the buildings and details of scenery not as they are now, but as they existed in the time of Marie Antoinette. The ladies state that they also spoke to people of that age who were in the park and buildings, without any doubt that they were conversing with real persons. The book contains independent accounts of these remarkable happenings by the two authors, together with historical data bearing on them which they have since collected. The book is anonymous, but the ladies are said to be of unimpeachable character and position, and Messrs. Macmillan guarantee that the authors have put down what happened to them as faithfully and accurately as was in their power. A fact likely to interest the Society for Psychical Research is that the authors are strongly opposed to dabbling in spiritualism. We cannot offer any further explanations; the book, whether it be a *jeu d'esprit* or a veritable adventure of the soul or the imagination, must speak for itself.

* * *

THE literary deluge of 1910 is analysed in a useful statistical table to be found in the current issue of "The Publishers' Circular." The total number of books comes to 10,804, an increase of seventy-nine over the number published the preceding year. Of these 2,336 were new editions, so that we are left with 8,468 new books (twenty-two more than in 1909) issued during 1910. These are impressive figures. Making full allowance for technical books, school books, directories, and similar volumes, we are faced by the fact that on every week-day in the past year the attention of readers was claimed by more than twenty new works. It is obvious that nobody, except a compiler of catalogues, could become acquainted with even the titles of a considerable proportion of these books. Like magazines and newspapers, books have become ephemeral productions. They appear in the publishers' lists, a small percentage have a vogue of a couple of months, and even the names of only a very few remain in the popular memory a year after their publication.

* * *

EXAMINING the statistics more closely, and still confining ourselves to new works, we find that, as compared with last year, books coming under the headings of "Social Science" and "Poetry and Drama" show the greatest increases, namely, seventy-two and sixty-two respectively. Books classed as "Voyages and Travels" are next with fifty-four, and the forty-nine "Educational, Classical, and Philological" volumes run almost a dead heat with the forty-eight on "Religion and Philosophy." "Fiction" shows a welcome decrease of thirty-three, though, since the new works amount to 1,806, novel-readers have as yet no grounds for apprehension. "History and Biography" also shows a decrease of thirty-three. We need not regret this diminution either, for a great many books coming under this heading were mere scissors-and-paste compilations, often, indeed, intended solely to glut the appetite for scandal. On the other hand, the fall in "Belles Lettres and Essays" from 242 to 200 is

not a good sign. To this class belong criticism and such imaginative literature as does not appear under "Poetry" or "Fiction," and that it should show a greater decline in numbers than any other (more than 17 per cent.) is significant of weakness.

* * *

THE number of reprints issued during 1910 amounts to more than a quarter of the total output. This is an encouraging sign. Next to writing a good new book, no greater service can be rendered to literature than to make a good old one accessible. The art of editing old books, printing them in a correct text, furnishing them with the necessary notes, and giving them proper tables of contents and indexes, has reached a high level. But the introduction to Mr. John Sargeant's edition of "The Poems of John Dryden," which has recently appeared in "The Oxford Poets" series, reminds us of the pitfalls that beset the paths of editors. Mr. Sargeant tells us that the text of Dryden's poems, as printed in England, has never been in a satisfactory state, and he blames Dryden's editors for carelessness and incapacity. "There is no edition wholly free from errors, and most editions contain many gross blunders." Dryden did not always see his works through the press, and a number of errors crept into the first editions. Broughton, his first editor with a name, "introduced new errors, and some of these have held their ground in the published texts." Derrick, who succeeded Broughton, was still worse. "Not satisfied with accidental errors, Derrick took upon himself to alter Dryden's text, and always altered it for the worse." So much for the eighteenth-century editors.

* * *

THE first edition of Dryden's works to appear in the nineteenth century was Scott's, and Scott "hardly suspected the existence of corruption in the text." He passed "many passages which on the face of them did not make sense." The Wartons' edition, in 1811, Mitford's, in 1832, and Hooper's, in 1866, were all bad, while Bell's, in 1854, "added many fresh errors to a corrupt text." The first serious attempt to present a correct text was made in Christie's edition, which now appears in Messrs. Macmillan's "Globe" series. But Mr. Sargeant has detected many blunders which Christie allowed to pass. Next we come to the re-issue of Scott's edition, as revised and corrected by Dr. Saintsbury, which was begun in 1883. One might suppose that here we should have a correct text of Dryden. Dr. Saintsbury claims to have made a collation of the original editions, and he remarks that we are entitled to read "what Dryden wrote, and not what some forgotten pedant thought that Dryden should have written." Yet what are the facts in regard to Dr. Saintsbury's edition? He seems only to have verified the corrections noted by Christie, and, as Mr. Sargeant says, "it follows that, where Scott and Christie agree in an error, that error, however monstrous and palpable, is usually reproduced by Dr. Saintsbury." Not only so, but Dr. Saintsbury introduces fresh corruptions of his own. But the most flagrant example of Dr. Saintsbury's editing is that in one passage where Scott accidentally omitted a line, Dr. Saintsbury, instead of referring to Dryden's original text, resorts to conjectures. Mr. Sargeant rightly observes that "it would be hard to name a more serious fault in a textual critic than that which Dr. Saintsbury has here committed." Evidently a name of weight in academic circles is no guarantee even for the accuracy of a reprint.

* * *

MRS. OLIVE SCHREINER's book, "Woman and Labour," which will be published this season by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has had an interesting history. Several years ago Mrs. Schreiner planned and wrote a work, illustrated by close observation of natural life on the South African veldt, treating of the biological and sociological development of woman. This was finished in 1899, when Mrs. Schreiner was living in Johannesburg, but ill-health forced her to leave South Africa for a time, and during the Boer War her home was looted and the manuscript of her book destroyed. After the war she set to work again, and the coming volume is the result. It forms but a section of the book as Mrs. Schreiner originally planned it, and much of its matter and purpose is devoted to an examination of "the parasitism of woman in modern society."

Reviews.

THE JUDGMENTS OF GOLDWIN SMITH.*

GOLDWIN SMITH was an interesting man, who lived a full life in an interesting time, and his "Reminiscences," written in his old age, bring with them a sub-acid, yet agreeable, flavor of the past, and of the strongly marked character and great literary skill of their writer. They do not show him quite at his best. The pen falters and repeats itself, the same estimates of men and politics recur, the sharp and narrow, though fine, outlines of Goldwin Smith's creed are over-accentuated. Mr. Haultain, for seventeen years his secretary at Toronto, writes so modestly of his own part in the work, and regards himself as so bound to the letter of his chief's manuscript, that he almost disarms criticism. Nevertheless, the book would have gained much by stronger editing. The assertion that Gladstone would have taken the Tory leadership if Disraeli had made way for him occurs twice within the turn of a leaf, and Selborne's characteristic statement that Gladstone was "morally insane" (for disagreeing with Smith and Selborne) at a scarcely longer interval. There are some errors of emphasis and taste. The author's description of Gladstone's views on Genesis, suggesting that the "Creator, though unscientific, has come remarkably near the truth about his own work, and had all but hit on the Nebular Hypothesis," makes a tolerable epigram once, but only its author would have called for an *encore*. And the reference to Ruskin as a "sentimental eunuch" might have passed in a "Saturday" review, but not in a life's reminiscences. We find interest in Goldwin Smith's rehearsal of the doctrine of the Manchester school, and his own vigorous and sincere rendering of it, but not in the acrid sketch of his Unionism, certainly not in its repetition and loose scattering over many pages of this interesting book. Mr. Haultain himself might have verified his biographical notes. Even a "distance of 3,000 miles from the British Museum" does not excuse the confusing of the first Lord Coleridge with his father, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, or Sir M. E. Grant Duff with James Grant Duff, or Alexander Russel of the "Scotsman" with W. H. Russell of the "Times." A simple reference to dates would have revealed the first two errors, a little knowledge of English journalism would have saved the third. A small proportion of the many excellent stories in the volume are old; some are not quite accurately told.

Nevertheless these reminiscences, discursive, somewhat formless, and inadequately edited, contain some real cameos of Victorian history; and they, to some extent, explain the sudden break in Smith's career, the transference from Oxford to Ithaca and Toronto, from an old and finished society to a new and unformed one. If Goldwin Smith had been the social "parasite" of Disraeli's bitter epigram, he would not have left a world where he was comfortably and even brilliantly placed for a tutorship in an American University in the making, and, finally, for a powerful but unacknowledged part in Canadian journalism and politics. He was a thoroughly honest and outspoken man, a great hater and not unmindful of his personal importance, but constant in his public and private attachments, so long as they marched with the rigid lines of his own thought. Yet he must have been something of a *mauvais coucheur*. He gives us some taste of the sting in his pen, and his posthumous vengeance on the author of the malicious sketch of the "professor" in Lothair—a vengeance pursued in page after page of vindictive rhetoric, which strips Disraeli equally of honor and statesmanship—may have been paralleled in some circles nearer home. Certainly, he judged men keenly and roughly, with close reference to his personal predilections, and their advance to or retreat from his intellectual point of view or his moral antipathies. He will not even allow Lord Morley's "Gladstone" to be historical an inch beyond the limits of the ante-Home Rule period. The two harshest characterisations are those of Disraeli and Mr. Chamberlain. An unforgiven personal wrong embittered Smith's view of the great adventurer. It is very scathing.

* "Reminiscences." By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Macmillan. 10s. net.

He reverts with glee to the now published proof of the falsity of Disraeli's denial of having solicited office from Peel. He declares that Disraeli admitted that he gained Queen Victoria's affections by laying on flattery "with a trowel," pandering to her hatred of Garibaldi (had he the chance to do this?) and paying "extravagant compliment" (at a Privy Council) to her gifts as an authoress. The only power in Disraeli's speeches was that of the "literary stabber." He led the gentlemen of England out of the "path of honor," and his advocacy of Protection, like his entire career, was innocent of an unselfish aim. All this is truth of a kind, but the study is just elaborate enough to make us realise the critic's deficiency—his complete want of the demonic insight which finally gave Disraeli his brief but powerful hold of English society. Chamberlain he dismisses with one or two brusque cuts of the scalping-knife. "I see the whole man's career. It was that of a political gambler laying his stakes now on Rouge, now on Noir." Having intrigued against Gladstone, whilst a member of his Cabinet, he repeated the manoeuvre at the expense of his Tory chieftain, Mr. Balfour. "After getting rid, by a trick, of the Free Trade Members of the Cabinet, Chamberlain went out of it, leaving his son to rule as his confederate in it, got up a Protectionist movement of his own, captured the party organisation and Press, meaning, when this was done, to force a dissolution, and drive Balfour on to the rocks. This was done. *But the vessel was driven on the rocks too hard.*" The last sentence is a master-stroke, revealing Goldwin Smith's power of unsparing and direct characterisation. The view of Gladstone is mixed, but the sketch lacks the power and justness of the admirable small volume published after the great man's death. An interesting new fact, stated with some bias, is that Gladstone wrote a letter, which was destroyed, favoring a union of the Northern American States with Canada as a set-off to the loss of the Southern States. It is hardly true to say of Gladstone's face that the only sign of "great intellect" it revealed lay in the eyes; for the noble head and compelling brow, the massive and harmonious set of the features, were several marks of high distinction. The sketch of Bright is inadequate, though it contains an agreeable story of his listening to the bells of Oxford and saying, "It would be very pleasant to be eighteen and coming here." Cobden is finely, though slightly, touched. He mentions that Cobden's favorite poet was Cowper, "who touched him morally." Smith thought Cobden "essentially a Republican"; and suggests that both in his view of Napoleon III. and of the American Civil War he let his passion for Free Trade partially color his general historic and political judgment. Smith's personal favorite among contemporary statesmen of not quite the first rank seems to have been Cardwell, whose calm and lucid mind and great power in organisation and in the mastery of detail appealed to his appreciative but not enthusiastic temperament.

But the surest and most interesting personal criticisms are those which Goldwin Smith drew from his life at Oxford. They are on the border-land of cynicism, but they are intellectually searching, and they illustrate a rather broader view than the caustic sharpness of his temper permitted when he dealt with an old enemy or a wrong-thinking statesman. What can be better than this on J. H. Newman? "He was always in quest, not of the truth, but of the best system." And of the "Grammar of Assent" that it was "an apparatus for making yourself believe or fancy that you believe things which are good, but of which there is no proof." This of Pusey is slighter and wittier: "Pusey I used to see going about with sorrowful visage and downcast eyes, and looking the embodiment of his frank doctrine, the irreconcilability of post-baptismal sin." He thought, surely with small foundation, that Clough's career at Oxford and his hope of a "first" were ruined by "Ideal" Ward's action in upsetting his old beliefs without planting new ones. The judgment of Clough's literary work—"some short poems and a translation of Plutarch"—is quite inadequate; Smith had no feeling for poetic values. Dean Stanley he thought hopelessly inaccurate; Stanley could never do a rule-of-three sum, but he could develop unexpected powers, his sweetness of temper giving place to the toughest combative spirit when occasion arose. Essentially he was an undeveloped poet, averse from critical

realities, and seeing truth through a "golden cloud of historical sympathy." Jowett he dismisses in half-a-dozen sharp, not untruthful, epigrams. "There was no clinch in his mind. He would have doubted and kept other people doubting for ever." Therefore "he sought in translation a mental refuge." So much for Plato! The Carlyles were outside the academic sphere; Goldwin Smith seems to have known very little of them. The only fresh light he throws on their domestic problem is that his knowledge of Lady Ashburton disinclined him to think that she had given Mrs. Carlyle any ground for jealousy.

The book is a mine of good stories, which we refrain from quoting, for the daily Press has quarried them with merciless zeal. Smith's connection with the original "Saturday" might have been more thoroughly sketched, for he had the great Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Maine as colleagues, and was himself a powerful contributor. We would gladly have heard more of the editor, Cook, and of Venables, whose epigrammatic wit (he said of Thesiger's promotion to the Woolsack, "Sir Frederick Thesiger is raised to the Chancellorship, amidst universal sympathy, which we cannot help extending to the suitors") was somewhat in Smith's own vein. The success of the "Saturday" was not, in Goldwin Smith's view, due to its "political pepper," but to its "epicurean" tone, which amused a generation of political sceptics with its affectation that "nothing was new, nothing was true, and nothing was of any importance." Epicureanism was hardly the basis of Smith's own precise and methodical creed, which he consistently preached in two Continents and to three democracies, and which he founded, like his masters, Bright and Cobden, on the three noble philanthropies of peace, free trade, and national self-government.

DR. WALLACE ON CREATIVE POWER.*

WHEN Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes on the phenomena of Biology and its allied sciences, he writes with authority and is sure to be instructive; but when he travels beyond observed phenomena and endeavors to build up a system of deductive philosophy founded upon them, he seems to us to exhibit a singular capacity for failure. His latest work, "The World of Life," makes frequent reference to a former one, "Man's Place in the Universe," and shows that he adheres to the conclusions which six years ago aroused the hostility of many men of science. It is well, therefore, to recall the governing proposition to which his reasoning then led him. It was nothing less than this—that in the whole universe there is no body except this earth inhabited by living beings. To quote his own words:—

"in like manner it may, and, I believe, will, turn out that, of all the myriad stars, the more we learn about them, the smaller and smaller will become the scanty residue which, with any probability, we can suppose to illuminate and vivify habitable earths. And when with this scanty probability we combine the still scantier probability that any such planet will possess simultaneously, and for a sufficiently long period, all the highly complex and delicately balanced conditions known to be essential for a full life-development, the conception that on this earth alone has such development been completed will not seem so wildly improbable a conjecture as it has hitherto been held to be."

Such is the conclusion of a book which ranks among the most gigantic edifices of special pleading ever constructed. We need not enter into the details, of scientific aspect, which conduct Dr. Wallace to his goal, such as the assumption that the universe consists of a plate of stars whose edge is the Milky Way, near (but not quite at) the centre of which the solar system is placed, in what is, therefore, held to be an exceptionally favorable position.

"Man's Place in the Universe" and its present successor, "The World of Life," may be compendiously described as forming the gospel of human importance—a result which Dr. Wallace faces with equanimity and complete consciousness of the opposition which the theory encounters from scientific thinkers. As a large portion of "The World of Life" goes beyond the historical account of the development of forms of life on the earth, it is well to state clearly

Dr. Wallace's position. He holds that man was developed from brutes (p. 1); that on this earth the beginnings of life existed "myriads of years" before the forms of life with which we are acquainted had left their fragmentary remains on the rocks (p. 350); and that there exists "an infinite God," who, however, did not design the whole of the cosmos, but delegated his powers to "beings of a very high and to others of a very low grade of intellect," angels of various grades whose special occupations and duties he describes (pp. 393-395). From these main points will be seen the relation in which he stands to the current belief of Christendom.

The work now before us, "The World of Life," has two parts: the first, which occupies more than half of the book, treats of the knowledge of plants and animals which we derive both from a study of the world as it is and from an examination of fossil forms; and here we have an ample exposition of the way in which new species arise and are perpetuated. The whole process of the development of life, the transition from one form to another, is so slow that the average unscientifically trained critic of Darwinism is able to score an easy and apparent victory by challenging the Darwinian to show him a single instance of the development of one species from another. Two different standards have always been taken to measure our knowledge of the approximate time which has elapsed since this earth became habitable by vegetable or animal life. The physicists (like Lord Kelvin) base their calculations on the rate at which the earth loses, and has been losing, heat by radiation through its crust into space. Deductions on this basis are very various indeed. Sometimes it is asserted that since the period in which coal was formed about 400 millions of years must have now elapsed. Lord Kelvin places what is usually called the "age of the earth" somewhere in the neighborhood of 25 millions of years. On the other hand, biologists (like Huxley) demand a vastly greater period, owing to the extreme slowness of life-processes; and in this connection Dr. Wallace, in the book before us, maintains (p. 181) that the cooling of the earth does not take place by conduction from the heated interior through the solid crust, but by the escape of heated matter to the surface through hot springs, the flow of heated gases from volcanic areas, and outbursts of red-hot ashes and lava from volcanoes. If this is so, the period is lengthened very greatly, and the theory of Darwin correspondingly strengthened. But, independently of the cause indicated by Dr. Wallace, another source of error in the estimates of the physicists has arisen in the discovery of radium and its wonderful properties as a source of indefinitely prolonged heat. In any case, there is no doubt of the inconceivable slowness of the development of living forms; and biologists cannot, even if they would, "hurry up their phenomena" at the bidding of the physicists.

Dr. Wallace, however, in answer to the unreasonable challenge to show an instance in which development is taking place, cites a few cases in which Nature has been caught at work in the actual formation of new species. Among them is the development which has taken place, since the year 1419, on an uninhabited island near Madeira, of a new class of rabbit from some common rabbits which had been let loose there by Spanish voyagers. The new rabbit differs from the old in size, color, form of skull, and nocturnal habits. These changes result from changed environment, and their character is fully discussed by Dr. Wallace.

The reader will find a great deal of interesting information in this portion of the book. If we were asked in what part of the earth mosquitoes exist in greatest abundance, we should think of some swampy region of West Africa. But the guess would be wrong. We should never suppose that the region is within the Arctic circle, both in the eastern and in the western hemispheres. The dense clouds of these insects which are found in Siberia are described by the traveller, Seeböhm; and it is very largely on them and their larvæ that the countless multitudes of birds migrating northwards from Europe and Central Asia subsist. The whole system of bird migration and the way in which the development of birds depends on insects are treated in ample detail by Dr. Wallace. His theory that the special markings on the wings, tail feathers, and heads of birds, and on the bodies of animals generally, is not convincing and is difficult to follow—especially in those most brilliantly colored of all creatures, the butterflies. In the last case the explanation

* "The World of Life: A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose." By Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., D.C.L., F.R.S. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

is somewhat involved, more especially as in various parts of the book he denies to insects a proper perception of what we call *color*.

One very important difficulty in the theory of development is well dealt with by Dr. Wallace—viz., the absence of several connecting links between various forms of animals, more especially in the period between the secondary and tertiary beds. There is here a gap between numerous groups of giant reptiles and the much higher and more varied mammals of what we may call recent times. His answer is simple and satisfactory. During this transition period "a large portion of our existing continents was dry land; the result being that the skeletons of very few of these unknown (missing) forms were fossilised; or, if there were any, they have been subsequently destroyed by denudation during the depression and elevation of the land which we know to have occurred."

We now come to what Dr. Wallace describes as one of the great mysteries of geology—the complete simultaneous extinction of many of the largest mammals all over the world in Pleistocene times. It has been sought to explain this by the huge sheet of ice which covered a large portion of the earth in the Glacial Epoch. But this is obviously insufficient; for, however successful this cause might be in the ice-covered areas, it could not account for the destruction which took place all over the earth. Dr. Wallace finds the solution in man's agency. The fact is that man's ancestry must be traced back to a period of co-existence with extinct species of vast antiquity; as Dr. Wallace says, "the common ancestor of man and the anthropoid apes must date back to the Miocene, if not to the Eocene, period"; and, as he further points out, spears of flint or even of tough wood were amply sufficient, as they are now in Java and elsewhere, to destroy the largest and most formidable animals.

It is impossible to give in the space at our disposal a reference to every branch of the subject of this book, and we must therefore pass on to the second, or deductive, portion of Dr. Wallace's work. With this we have less sympathy than with the first, or historical, section. He is an aggressive optimist. To him (p. 276)

"this world of ours is the best of all possible worlds calculated to bring about this result. And if the best for its special purpose, then the whole course of life-development was the best; then also every step in that development and every outcome of it which we find in the living things which are our contemporaries are also the best."

Such optimism we find it difficult to separate from fatalism, and it leaves no clear room for moral choice. It is identical with the dogma "whatever is is right." Hence we are struck by its incongruity with the remainder of the above sentence:—

"and if, in our blind ignorance or prejudice, we destroy them before we have earnestly endeavored to learn the lesson they are intended to teach us, we and our successors will be the losers—morally, intellectually, and perhaps even physically."

One great reason for the existence of water on the earth is, it appears, to produce endless variety of mountain, plain, and river scenery "for the delectation of all the higher faculties of man."

Dr. Wallace addresses himself finally to the question, "Is Nature cruel?" He decides that it is not. The lower animals, and especially those that multiply with great rapidity, were made, it appears, to be eaten—"and there was no reason whatever why that kind of death should have been painful to them. They could not avoid it, and were not intended to avoid it. It may even have been not only painless but slightly pleasurable—a sensation of warmth, a quiet loss of the little consciousness they had, and nothing more"; and so on. The suggestion may have been intended primarily to apply to the very early forms of life, but there is nothing in it which we may not apply to the rabbit, screaming in a steel trap or having his throat cut by a weasel. Finally, as regards his conception of an "infinite God" delegating his powers to various grades of angels (page 393), some of whom are charged with the duty of creating the universe of ether; "the next subordinate association of angels would so act upon the ether as to develop from it, in suitable masses and at suitable distances, the various elements of matter" which constitute the stellar universe—the whole notion strikes us as a *contradictio in terminis*, or even worse.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF ANGLICANISM.*

THE history of any great institution, at any part of its existence, is bound to be a test of the institution itself. Its recent history is bound to be a severer test, for there it is seen in touch with—or out of touch with—the spirit of our own times. A bare record of facts and events (and in a quite remarkable fashion Mr. Cornish has steered clear of giving us more) becomes eloquent of a good deal. A recorder who so greatly suppresses himself, and so studiously avoids anything like an attempt at making a case, draws attention so much the more powerfully to the evidence for that judgment which he does not deliver.

The author of these volumes has been scrupulously honest. He has nothing extenuated, and nothing set down in malice. Where things have been small or mischievous, he has not sought to dress them up in false colors. His attitude to religious bodies beyond his own communion is—though within limits—fair. It can scarcely be called generous, but it is at least tolerant. It is perhaps due to the special bent of his mind that he can take the rather curious position (as many will think it) of holding that inequality is not injustice, and that, while "toleration" should be complete, the demand for "equality" on the part of Nonconformists is itself "intolerant." And he gives full credit to the Dissenters for their good works, in many of which, he admits, they have given a lead to the Church. In all things, he has evidently sought to draw his map of the century exact in outline and in details; and so far as pure information and scholarship are concerned, his volumes are of the highest order—though, for that matter, one would have expected nothing else.

Yet he has not been much inspired by his theme. One is conscious of that from beginning to end. The story has not moved him to much of praise, has stirred no ardor. The facts have been put into their places by cold fingers. And if one asks why this should be, one need not look far for the reply. There is so little that is really great in the nineteenth-century history of the Church. Good works have, indeed, been carried through. The character and zeal of the clergy are, taken all through, at a far higher level than when the century began. But the Church, as such, has so seldom been moved by great impulses. She has shown so little initiative. She has faced problems when they have been thrust upon her in a way she could not ignore. She has half-reluctantly entered upon lines of activity when the choice lay between doing so and allowing other people or other organisations to do the work and take the credit. But she has not been the storehouse of spiritual energy which a great Church ought to be. Only one really great movement—the Oxford movement of the middle century—has a place in this record. And when one reaches the end, one has an uncomfortable feeling that so far as the Church has moved, it is the nation that has pushed the Church, not the Church that has impelled the nation. It is not enough for those who love the Church and want to see her beautiful—as many even of those outside her borders do.

The materials for this judgment lie clear enough upon Mr. Cornish's pages. Education, for instance, was claimed as the Church's particular care when the matter became a burning one; but it had been neglected until it was pushed to the front from other quarters, and then the Church ran forward in feverish haste to prevent educational control from passing out of its hands. Right good work it did, too—but it was under the pressure of an impending loss of prestige and power. No small section of the Church (though by no means the whole) looked askance upon the British and Foreign Bible Society when it was founded, because others than Churchmen were on its governing Board. On temperance matters, Mr. Cornish is compelled to say that "in its early stages the work had, for the most part, been done by Nonconformist or undenominational agencies," and that "by degrees, though not at first, the rulers of the Church became interested." It needs not to multiply instances. Somehow the Church seems so often—nearly always—to have been a step behind. Little wonder that the putting together of the history leaves the author cold.

The reason of it all—as the author practically confesses—is that by reason of its position as the State Church, the

* "A History of the English Church in the Nineteenth Century." By F. Warre Cornish, M.A. Macmillan. In two parts. 7s. 6d. each.

Church of England is ceaselessly in difficulties with its own adherents, and has to occupy its time and strength in adjusting disputes between the various sections, lest disruption should ensue. A very large part of Mr. Cornish's second volume is taken up with sorry accounts of prosecutions for ritualism, with controversies between the English Church Union and the Church Association, and such-like things. One sees ecclesiastical courts solemnly sitting to decide whether water may be mixed with the wine at Communion, and solemnly deciding that it may, so long as it is done beforehand. It is all so small. One sees the Church clinging to its place in the State, and yet chafing at the restrictions involved in it. Says Mr. Cornish:—

"In the matters of ritual, discipline, and doctrine which troubled the Church during the nineteenth century, there has always been present one chief cause of doubt and difficulty, the fact that all parties are bound to a set of formulae which cannot be altered according to the needs of the age, and which are interpreted according to their own reading by all the parties within the Church."

And again:—

"In practice, the Church of England since the time of Henry VIII. has been governed by the State. But the Church has always contained a party which has protested against this."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. Under these circumstances, the Church has never been free to deal with any problem on its merits, but has been compelled to consider everything from the standpoint of possible effect upon the Church's own position. It has never been free enough from internal difficulties—never sufficiently settled in its own soul (the unsettlement resulting from a situation whose advantages it will not relinquish, but whose disadvantages it resents), never sufficiently at leisure from itself, to experience those tides of the Spirit which would have swept it onward. Self-preservation, rather than service, has, from the necessities of the case, been its paramount care.

Always there have been noble souls within it, none the less; and one must in fairness say that Mr. Cornish has to tell of many. (He has, by the way, a remarkable skill in character-delineation, and can make a man stand out with a few strokes in life-like portraiture.) It is rather in spite of the Church's organisation and order, than through them, that these souls have done their work. But they have done it. The fervent members of the "Clapham sect" at the beginning of the century—the great men of the Oxford Movement, who, even if it was fear of "liberalism" that drove them on, were spiritually passionate and pure in heart—the great Bishops who in their own sphere seem of such massive make and mould—of these and many others the record has to speak. It is worth reading, in spite of a certain depression it engenders. Only—one thinks wistfully—since the Church, with all her disadvantages, has done so much, what might she not do if she realised better the things that belong to her freedom and her peace?

By its very fidelity and transparent honesty, Mr. Cornish's book leaves that question present to the reader's mind. Things, one feels, should not have been thus. There should have been more to say. It is for judgment, in part, that this book comes into the world.

"THIS PUDDLE OF A WORLD."*

SOMEWHERE in the vast portrait gallery of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" there is a description of a general, or other celebrity, who "went stalking through this puddle of a world on terms of his own." We are often reminded of that general when good fortune brings us another book by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. Him also we seem to behold stalking through the drab and muddy puddle of civilised existence with high-stepping contempt and fine disdain. He moves like a crane in a duck-pond, and, except on terms of his own, he will not move at all. Wild and untamed, yearning to fly away into the wilderness and be at war, to follow the setting sun on unflagging wings—"the day before him and the night behind"—what place has he among the utilitarian domesticities of co-operative poultry? Not for him the protecting coop, the guzzling satisfaction, and the swollen crop. And not for him the

County Council's bye-law, the model prison, the restaurant car, and the bulging citizen waddling after progress along an asphalt path. Far away the spurs of Atlas still rise, and the rivers of Paraguay still move between untrodden banks! But if in this puddle of municipal efficiency he must remain, he will stalk through it on terms of his own.

In this new collection we find all the well-known characteristics of the writer—the memorable phrase, the proud disdain, the defiance of hypocrisy, and the passionate loyalty to causes that the comfortable world thinks lost. The title is "Hope," but it is a hope too like despair. The majority of the pieces are not properly to be called stories; they are memories of things seen and persons known; but from first to last all are facets of the man himself. There is no writer who reveals his personality more plainly, or whose nature can be better judged from every page. His stories and descriptions are definite; they are even singularly vivid, and what used to be called "objective." But when we have read them we know the man. It is only Mr. Cunninghame Graham who sees things of this kind, and sees them in this way.

Spain, Morocco, South America, and Scotland have always been specially his lands, and all are here again. In one of his penetrating observations he speaks of "that desire of movement which in kings plays the part imagination plays in poets and sets their blood astir." Perhaps there we may detect just his own chief point of danger. Certainly, he is not in the least like a common king, though he has a touch of the Kaiser about him. But the desire of movement to set the blood astir is perhaps his worst temptation. He is almost overwhelmed by the amount he has seen. He desires to reproduce the effect of it all in others, and by sudden pulls at the curtain he shows us his experiences, as it were, by rapid flashes. The effect is produced and the blood is set astir; but a process of quieter and more prolonged imagination might have stirred it more profoundly.

Let us not quarrel with so excellent a gift. Here we have the scenes of hopeless courage, quixotic fidelity, and all the other forms of that "reaction against the despotism of fact" in which the author takes natural delight. The treacherous death of the Moorish chief, the crazy expectation of the last Sebastianist in Spain, the dignified humiliation of a deposed Sultan, the honor of a prostitute who refuses to betray a hated client for much money—all are here, and many more, pictured with the concise phrase and definite assurance of the artist. But for the finest examples of his manner—and in his case the manner is essentially the man—we should not follow him to distant continents, but just remain in the Scotland of his boyhood. To be sure, the story of "The Fourth Magus," who set out for Bethlehem with the other three, but only arrived in time for Calvary, is an excellent and unusual piece of imagination. But on the whole we think the portraits of the old sailors, soldiers, uncles, and other queer characters that still lingered in the author's boyhood are the best things in the book, and they also are described in high disdain for commercial progress and brutish uniformity, while recognising the "failure which waits upon all excursions of gentlemen into the serious affairs of life." Take the account of "A Sailor (Old Style)," for instance, and read of the admiral who spent his retirement looking out for ships, sitting as a magistrate, and carrying the plate as a churchwarden:—

"No speculation of that kind" (a theological point), "I think, entered the admiral's head. In fact, I am sure of it, remembering a story of a chaplain in a ship that he once sailed in, whose captain, having heard a sermon upon Faith, in a disciplinary manner called the preacher into his cabin and commanded him next Sunday to hold forth on Works, or never preach again. 'A damned good order,' he was wont to say, after referring to the episode; not that in any way himself did he reject the spiritual side of things, as his assiduous carrying round of the plate went far to testify."

Equally fine is his portrait of another admiral, of whom he says:—

"Ideas of death and hearses did not, I think, much trouble him, for, as I take it, he must have looked on life as everlasting, after the fashion of the strong and occupied, who pass their time so quickly that when Death comes they think his presence an intrusion, almost an error, but, still smiling, take their way."

All such portraits and essays are excellent, and to those who wish to discover in the author a more deeply poetic,

* "Hope." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Duckworth. 6s.

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we might almost say spiritual, side than he usually cares to reveal, we commend the chapter called, "A Vigia"—an uncharted island of the West, symbolic of the world's uncharted islands.

A NOVELIST OF NERVES.*

WARM thanks are due to Mr. Lowe, the Rector of Brisley, for translating these tales from the Russian of Andréyev. Andréyev's great popularity in Russia is no doubt in excess of his merits, but he has gained his position, not merely through the dearth of genius in the last decade, but because he is so representative of the moody emotional fluctuations, the shattered nerves, and the spiritual cravings of the young generation. After the great Russian novelists of the period 1840-1880, came the aftermath of Tchekhov's exquisite talent, followed at a distance by minor men, including Gorky and Andréyev. At first sight it seems almost impossible that so neurotic a writer as Andréyev should have any message for our prosperous middle-class, but an intelligent reader will find that these simple tales take the starch out of the English soul in a surprisingly rapid manner. What our educated people suffer from is not so much lack of feeling as lack of exercise of the feelings, due to a mental conventionalism which discredits outspokenness and the fresh warmth of emotional insight. Andréyev, however, is typically Russian in his dislike of the screen of polite materialism and the barriers of moral superiority and class refinement which shut us out from sympathy with human weakness. Sin is hardness, that is the moral of the powerful and beautiful story, "Silence," in which we see the shattering to pieces of the spiritual pride of Father Ignáty, the prosperous, experienced parish priest.

The story opens with the priest's wife coming to him in his study at night and saying, "Father, let us go to Vyéra," while she touches him imploringly on the shoulder. The priest frowns and looks at her long and fixedly. "How pitiless you both are," says the mother, implying that Vyéra, her sick daughter, who has lately returned from St. Petersburg, silent, icy, and strange in her manner, is a true child of her father. But Father Ignáty follows his wife, and, trying to soften his dry, hard voice, begs his daughter not to hide from them her trouble. Vyéra repulses her parents, and the priest becomes stern and reproachful. In another week, Vyéra, who has been ruined in St. Petersburg, commits suicide, and her mother, at the news, has a stroke, losing the use of speech. Father Ignáty bears up so well under the eyes of his parishioners, who are hoping to see the haughty and harsh-mannered father suffering and broken down, that the peasants nod their heads and say, "A well-seasoned pope." "They all watched him with curiosity, but he, feeling their eyes directed on his broad, powerful back, endeavored to straighten it, and thought not so much of his dead daughter as of not compromising his dignity." But when Father Ignáty comes into the semi-darkened room where his wife lies all day motionless, he sees that her face is perfectly still, and her deep grey eyes look at him without blinking, without sign of grief or anger or of any feeling. She makes no sign when he speaks and touches her kindly, and Father Ignáty turns cold and frightened and goes to his room.

In a masterly way the story describes how this silence that broods over the house constricts the priest's heart, and how it gradually obsesses him as each day he goes into his dead daughter's room and gazes at her portrait hanging on the wall, and her books and her music; and how the obstinate, leaden, silent gaze of his wife grows more and more terrible to him. There is a most moving scene when Father Ignáty tries to break the spell, and goes into his wife's room and begins to defend his conduct in the loud and severe tones in which he addresses his penitents. But his wife does not seem to understand a word. And again when, the same night, he creeps on tiptoe up to Vyéra's deserted chamber and buries his face in the pillows of her empty bed, and talks as though she were there listening to him in silence. "He fixed his eyes on the wall, and stretching out his hands, cried: 'Speak!' But silence was the answer he received."

* "Silence and Other Stories." By L. N. Andréyev. Translated by W. H. Lowe. Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.

The story ends with a description of the priest's visit to his daughter's grave:—

"Father Ignáty shrugged his shoulders, which were becoming cold, and let his eyes fall on Vyéra's grave. He gazed long at the short little seared stalks of grass, which had been torn from the ground somewhere in the wide wind-swept fields, and had failed to take root in the new soil; and he could not realise that there, under that grass, at a few feet from him, lay Vyéra. And this nearness seemed incomprehensible, and imbued his soul with a confusion and strange alarm. She, of whom he was accustomed to think as having for ever disappeared in the dark depth of infinity, was here, close—and it was difficult to understand that nevertheless she was not, and never would be again. And it seemed to Father Ignáty that if he spoke some word, which he almost felt upon his lips, or if he made some movement, Vyéra would come forth from the tomb, and stand up as tall and beautiful as ever. And that not only would she arise; but that all the dead, who could be felt, so awesome in their solemn cold silence, would rise too.

"Father Ignáty took off his black wide-brimmed hat, smoothed his wavy locks, and said in a whisper:

"Vyéra!"

"He became uneasy lest he should be heard by some stranger, and stood up on the tomb and looked over the crosses. But there was no one near, and he repeated aloud:

"Vyéra!"

"It was Father Ignáty's old voice, dry and exacting, and it was strange that a demand made with such force remained without answer.

"Vyéra!"

"Loud and persistently the voice called, and when it was silent for a moment it seemed as though somewhere below a vague answer resounded. And Father Ignáty looked once more around, removed his hair from his ears, and laid them on the rough prickly sod.

"Vyéra! Speak!"

"And Father Ignáty felt with horror that something cold as the tomb penetrated his ear, and froze the brain, and that Vyéra spoke—but what she said was ever the same long silence.

"When Father Ignáty reached home, it was already getting dark, and the lamp was lit in Ol'ga Stepanovna's room. Without change of clothes or removing his hat, torn and dusty, he came hurriedly to his wife and fell on his knees.

"Mother—O'lya—pity me!" he sobbed; "I am going out of my mind."

"He beat his head against the edge of the table, and sobbed tumultuously, painfully, as a man does who never weeps. He lifted his head, confident that in a moment a miracle would be performed, and that his wife would speak, and pity him.

"Dear!"

"With his whole big body he stretched out towards his wife, and met the look of the grey eyes. In them was neither compassion nor anger. Maybe his wife forgave and pitied him, but in those eyes there was neither pity nor forgiveness. They were dumb and silent. And the whole desolate house was silent."

This story, "Silence," is a good example of Andréyev's peculiar power, which is based on the simplification and intensification of a poignant emotion or of a dominant, morbid mood, with its spiritual relation clearly shown to the inexorable factors of natural laws. Andréyev, like the great Russian authors, delights in cutting through the top strata of human hopes, illusions, and pretences, and bringing into sharp and abrupt collision the cravings of men for good with their eternal defeat by the forces of human weakness. A touching little sketch is "Snapper," the story of a wandering, homeless dog, who has grown savage and suspicious through fear. Snapper has never known petting or love, and when a kind-hearted family rent the bungalow in the deserted garden of which is Snapper's lair, he will not trust their approaches, and snaps at the children who try to coax him. But gradually the dog comes nearer and nearer, and at length the day comes when, trembling all over, he submits himself to their caresses, still expecting he will receive kicks and blows. "And still for a long time every caress came to him as a surprise, and a wonder, which he could neither understand, nor respond to. He did not know how to receive caresses." Then, little by little, his doggy nature expands with happiness, for he understands that he now belongs to people and can serve them. He invents tricks to please the children and to express his delight and thankfulness and love. Then he grows peaceable and contented, and even asks for caresses. But the day comes when the family has to return to the city and is forced to leave Snapper behind, because there is no courtyard in their flat in which to keep him. The end is typically Russian in its mournful poignancy:—

"Snapper long followed the track of the people as they went away, he ran as far as the station, and wet through and

HYGIENIC HINTS.

SORE THROAT—ITS CURE AND PREVENTION.

"Prevention is better than cure," is a proverb whose value the medical profession is daily impressing upon the public. Although it has been partly learnt, much remains to be done before common diseases are exterminated, as Typhus Fever, Cholera, and other virulent plagues have been banished.

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muddy, returned to the bungalow. There he performed one more new trick, which no one, however, was there to see. For the first time he went on to the verandah, stood on his hind legs, looked in at the glass door, and even scratched at it. But the rooms were all empty, and no one answered him.

"A violent rain poured down, and on all sides the darkness of the long autumn night began to close in. Quickly and dully it filled the empty bungalow: noiselessly it crept out from the shrubs, and in company with the rain, poured down from the uninviting sky. On the verandah, from which the awning had been taken away, and which for that reason looked like a broad and unknown waste, the light had long been in conflict with the darkness, and mournfully illumined the marks of dirty feet; but soon it gave in.

"Night had come on.

"When there was no longer any doubt that the night was upon him, the dog began to howl in loud complaint. With a note resonant, and sharp as despair, that howl broke into the monotonous, sullenly persistent sound of the rain, rending the darkness, and then dying down was carried over the dark naked fields.

"The dog howled—regularly, persistently, desperately, soberly—and to anyone who heard that howling it seemed as though the impenetrable dark night itself were groaning and longing for the light, and he would wish himself in the warmth by the bright fire, and the loving heart of his wife.

"The dog howled."

Even better are the two tales of children, "The Little Angel" and "Pyetka at the Bungalow," which grip the heart by the wonderful keenness of their sympathy with childish sufferings. One may explore the length and breadth of English literature without finding any short story to rival the last-named for pathetic simplicity. Andréyev would hold a far higher place than he does had he the sense of proportion. Often when he has got his effect he does not know when to stop, and the last third of his story, by over-emphasis, cloyes the palate, and exasperates the reader's nerves. In this he is truly a neurotic, the direct product of that long, feverish, torturing travail which has racked two generations of Russians. "The Tocsin," though not particularly masterly, is saturated with the feeling of a countryside given over to the horrors of incendiarism and revolt. And in the tale, "In the Basement," a most striking piece of work, the English reader will find indicated the clue to the strength and weakness of the Russian character.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MISS MARY L. PENDERED's book, "The Fair Quaker: Hannah Lightfoot, and Her Relations with George III." (Hurst & Blackett, 16s. net.), is an attempt to elucidate an historical mystery which has engaged several inquirers. The story that "Farmer George" not only fell in love with, but married, a shoemaker's daughter, is, on the face of it, worth investigating, and Miss Pendered has brought together all the materials available for forming a judgment. She has, besides, worked up her narrative of Hannah Lightfoot's life into a most entertaining form, and gives us some valuable sidelights upon eighteenth-century life and society. There is a chapter on the Quakers, another on Elizabeth Chudleigh, who is said to have helped George III. to abduct Hannah, an account of "The Holy Estate of Matrimony in 1753," and a good survey of "The Fair Quaker in Fiction." But the main part of the book is concerned with an inquiry into the facts. Ruling out the suggestion of the late Mr. W. H. Thoms that Hannah Lightfoot never existed, Miss Pendered examines three different hypotheses: first, that she "fired the boyish admiration of Prince George, but that nothing further happened"; second, that there was "a definite *liaison*" between them before he married the Princess Charlotte; and, third, "that he actually married Hannah Lightfoot." The author rejects the first of these and accepts the second, though she holds that the third is not impossible, and lays stress on the fact that the tradition of a secret marriage has not been disproved. But it is always difficult to prove a negative, and, in the case of *Ryves v. the Attorney-General* in 1866, the Court, which included the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, and Sir J. P. Wilde, pronounced some of the documents which supported the marriage to be forgeries. Indeed, the whole romance of Hannah Lightfoot rests on little more than rumor and conjecture. The theory of her *liaison* with George III., and even that of their marriage, may be true, but the solid foundation of proof is still required. Miss Pendered has, however, pro-

duced an excellent book. She writes well, and she has real knowledge of the period.

* * *

WHILE the chapters that compose Sir Robert Anderson's book, "The Lighter Side of My Official Life" (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net), were appearing in "Blackwood's Magazine," attention was drawn to the fact that Sir Robert had violated the rules and traditions of the Civil Service by contributing, in 1887, a series of articles in the "Times" on the supposed connection between Parnellism and crime. In the present volume, Sir Robert Anderson denies that he is a party man, but the unbiassed reader will find it difficult to reconcile this with the party spirit that dictated the articles and that now prompts their author to boast of them. Indeed, party spirit is the dominating characteristic of the whole book. The Irish section of Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is more than once described as an "historical romance"; the spy, Le Caron, who took the Fenian oath in order to betray the organisation, is called "one of the most truthfully accurate men I have ever known," and humanitarians, a body of men whom Sir Robert Anderson holds in such dislike that he always gives them the benefit of inverted commas, are held up to ridicule as "troublesome cranks." On the other hand, we are glad to see that Sir Robert Anderson speaks strongly against the "mingled stupidity and barbarism of our methods of dealing with law-breakers," and condemns the cruel practice of constructing prison cells in such a way that their inmates can get no glimpse of external nature. The book contains a large number of police stories. One of them tells how "a resourceful police officer," in his efforts to arrest Jabez Balfour, not only flagrantly evaded the laws of a foreign country, but was responsible for the death of a sheriff's officer as well. Yet the act calls forth no reprobation from Sir Robert Anderson. If the general attitude of responsible police officials is accurately represented in this book, we can only say that the public must guard carefully against giving them the extended powers he claims. But we have too high an opinion of the justice and intelligence of the police to regard Sir Robert Anderson as a typical officer.

* * *

THE English Association intends to issue each year a volume of essays written by its members, and the first, which has been collected by Dr. A. C. Bradley, bears the title "Essays and Studies" (Clarendon Press, 5s. net). Dr. Henry Bradley leads off with a learned study of "English Place-Names," and is followed by Mr. Robert Bridges, who discusses "The Present State of English Pronunciation." Mr. Bridges's paper seems to have been suggested by a work called "Phonetic Transcriptions of English Prose," issued three years ago by the Oxford University Press, giving "the pronunciation recommended for the use of foreigners." Taking some of the pronunciations recommended as illustrations of the deterioration of our speech, Mr. Bridges proposes a remedy which is nothing less than the employment of a literary phonetic alphabet. Professor W. P. Ker writes on "Browning," Mr. George Neilson on "Blind Harry's 'Wallace,'" and Professor Saintsbury on "Shakespeare and the Grand Style." Miss Edith Sichel's "Some Suggestions About Bad Poetry" open up a fresh and original line of criticism. Bad poetry, she holds, "demands from the reader nearly as much discernment" as good poetry, "and a good deal more analysis." Its study may help us to find out what good poetry is not, and Miss Sichel develops her theme by analysing some popular verses written by bad poets and some weak verses written by good ones. The last essay, "Carlyle and His German Masters," by Professor C. E. Vaughan, hardly fulfills the promise of its title, for Professor Vaughan omits Richter and Schiller. But his examination of Carlyle's debt to Goethe and Fichte is both suggestive and scholarly.

* * *

"THE LITERARY YEAR BOOK" (Routledge, 6s. net) appears this year with certain changes of arrangement and some additions. A list of Pen-Names and Pseudonyms of living authors and a new section on Training Offices and Institutions have been added, and there are also new examples of proof correction which have been supplied by Mr. C. T. Jacobi. The "Year Book" is a most useful volume to literary workers.

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The Week in the City.

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Union Pacific	178 $\frac{1}{2}$	178 $\frac{1}{2}$
Canadian Pacific	203	210 $\frac{1}{4}$

To the student of high finance this has been an interesting week; for it has brought us the stupendous figures of our over-sea trade for the year—an absolute record, which compares even more favourably than it appears to do with the previous record of 1907, because in that year prices rose higher than they did in 1910. There was more speculation in 1907 than in 1910, if we omit the rubber boom. With that remarkable exception (which caused a series of native bank failures in Shanghai) there has been no bad Stock Exchange trouble in any part of the world. But 1907 was a year of disaster as well as of expansion. The American panic and crisis came towards the end of October, and the effects soon spread themselves over the world in the shape of a trade depression from which Europe began to emerge in 1909. The only drawbacks to British prosperity in 1910 were the shortage of raw cotton, which spelt short-time for Lancashire, and the foolish shipbuilding dispute. Raw cotton is still high; but the last crop has brought some relief, and Lancashire is busy, though the cotton trade in other parts of the world is still in a bad way. In the United States curtailment (which is another word for short-time and the closing down of factories) reigns in the textile and steel trades. The foreign workers at Pittsburg are returning in thousands to Russia, Austria, and South-Eastern Europe. Since Christmas there has been quite an ugly succession of bank failures, which perhaps deserves more consideration here than it is getting. On the London Stock Exchange this week there has been depression in the Yankee market; but a great spurt in Canadian Pacific. The Japanese loan is at a small discount. The Chilean loan is expected on Monday. Money is beginning to get tight and may remain so till the end of the quarter.

NEW YORK'S LITTLE PANIC.

The failure of the North American Bank and of a savings bank under the control of its manager Robin (originally the Russian Robinovitch) has given New York an ugly reminder that the same type of individual whose illegal speculations produced the disasters and panic of 1907 still controls some of the credit institutions. As soon as the State Inspector of New York closed the bank, Robin's friends put him in a lunatic asylum, from which, however, he was ejected. Robin then fled, but was caught and taken into court, where he wept and took poison—ineffectively. A run on the Washington Savings Bank followed, as soon as the public connected Robin with it; but the officials at once posted a notice that the savings bank would take advantage of its technical right, and insist on depositors giving sixty days' notice before withdrawing accounts. This was an omen of failure, but it is a very serious thing for a savings bank to collapse, as they are very closely watched and safeguarded by State inspectors and laws. Robinovitch, however, seems to have infected with rottenness everything that he touched. He is only thirty-seven years of age and it is only twenty-seven years since he left Russia. The foundation of his fortune (he was rated at a million dollars last year) was laid in 1893, when he sold a journalistic sensation for 300 dols. His next venture was a lucky purchase of an option on Niagara. This was at Buffalo. In 1896 he began to operate

in New York and emerged as a controller of banks and savings banks. But the Robin troubles did not stand alone. For on Monday several banks were in danger, and the alarm was so great that on Monday morning Mr. Pierpont Morgan had to come forward and promise to back the 12th and 19th Ward Banks, upon which a formidable run had begun. The Carnegie Trust Company had collapsed and there appeared to be all the elements of another panic. The Morgan intervention seems to have restored confidence for the time. At any rate, only a few hundreds of those who had lined up persisted in drawing out their deposits. Some of them, it was noticed, asked for gold in preference to notes.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC DIVIDEND.

The gloom of the American Market was relieved on Tuesday by a boom in Canadian Pacific shares, following on the announcement that, with the next quarterly dividend, the distribution from the land account, &c., will be three per cent. instead of one per cent. This raises the total dividend from eight per cent. to ten per cent, and by four o'clock Canadian Pacific had risen to 209 $\frac{1}{2}$, a gain of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the day. The prosperity of the Canadian Pacific is remarkable; and, mainly owing to the enormous grants of land possessed by the railway, the line has perhaps the richest prospects of any similar undertaking in any part of the world. It is also fortunate in possessing a President of the calibre of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. It would be unsafe to argue from the Canadian Pacific to the Canadian Northern, for, although Western and North-Western Canada are developing rapidly enough to make the land department of the Canadian Pacific extremely profitable, it will take a long time to supply sufficient passenger and goods traffic to new lines. There is, in fact, some idea that the Canadian Pacific may, in the not far distant future, take over the Canadian Northern. And that is perhaps the best thing that could happen to the bond-holders of the latter.

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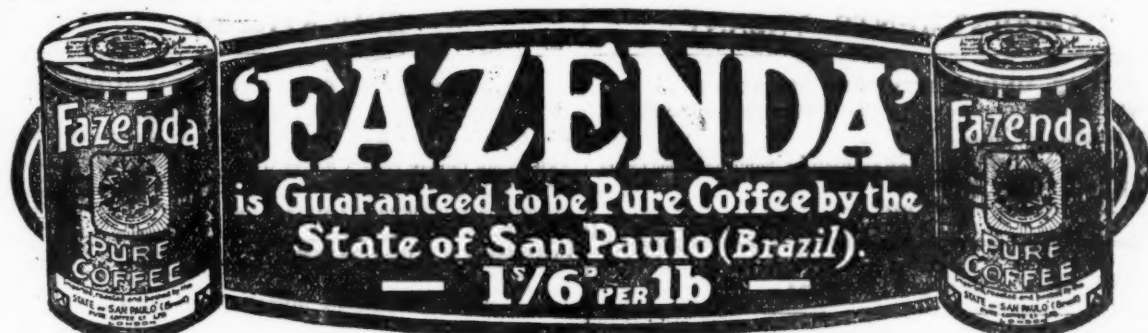
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